H C Burleigh Papers

Campbell

Alexr Campbell

It is a failing of human nature to expound the ~~virtues~~ virtues of our ancestors. If there are two persons with the same name, the more noted one simply must be our particular ancestor. The other one does not have the necessary qualifications to satisfy our Egos. Egos. This was the situation in the Loyalist Campbell family in Upper Canada. These two men were named Alexander. ~~One was a merchant in Schenectady. After his escape to Quebec he became an officer and a~~ The more noted one ~~He~~ had been an officer in the 42nd Regiment, the famous Black Watch, with service in America in 1756. He had settled at Schenectady in 1762, and eventually in Schoharie. Here he established a store and became a Justice of the Peace. He refused to adopt a rebel attitude, and being taken prisoner, he was sent in irons to Connecticut. He survived, and eventually made his way to Montreal. By 1790 he was established in Augusta Township, where he was known as Captain Alexander Campbell. He later was appointed Lieutenant of the County, a Legislative Councillor, and a Judge of the Court of Common Pleas. A most honorable ancestor all well

The other Alexander Campbell was a native of Islay, an Island off the west coast of Scotland. He had eventually come to America with his parents in ~~1745~~ 1740 and later in 1766 finally became a settler in Argyle Town on the east bank of the Upper Hudson River. Here he settled, and in 1777 he joined General Burgoyne's army & finally removed with his wife and children to Quebec Province. He was too old to serve but was subsisted and eventually settled in Adolphustown. Here he died in 1811, and lies buried in the Conger Burial Ground on the outskirts of Picton, Ont.

There, you have two Alexander Campbells. You are looking for an Loyalist ancestor of that name. So, you pays your money and you makes your choice. What would you do? Of course you would, unless some one was watching you. And

confirm the presence of these two families. There is ample proof of the residence of one of them in Schenectady and Scholarie. The other one, also of New York, will require more search.

~~Additional proof is found in the application of Alexander Campbell of Schenectady. In this document, he repeatedly states that he~~

Additional proof of the Alexander Campbells is found in his Loyalist claim made in Montreal before the Commission in 1787. In it he states that he ~~had resided~~ was a native of Scotland & was settled at Schenectady in 1756. That he had come to America in 1756 as an officer in the 42nd Regt, Black Watch. He states that he refused to command a regiment for the rebels, and, after a period of imprisonment, escaped to Canada and now resides at Point Bodet (on the St Lawrence River.)

So, who was the Alexander Campbell who is recorded throughout the war as residing in various military installations in Quebec, and who settled in Adolphustown in 1784 with wife, one son, and seven daughters? The answer appears to be found in an entry in a book by Mr. Zoley Gill, of Greenwich, N.Y., ~~that he was a native of Perthshire~~ "Among those who fled to Canada were James & Alexander Campbell, brothers and sons of Duncan Campbell of ye family of Duntroon of Greenwich, N.Y."

It is further noted that the new Scottish settlers in Argyle were alarmed by a foray through the township made by the notorious Indian leader Le Loup. Duncan Campbell with wife and three sons & a daughter fled to Burgoyne's camp for safety. While there Mrs Duncan died. Just before Burgoyne's surrender Duncan and one son Archibald returned home, while James and Captain Alexander, ~~was~~ officers with the ~~Loyalists fled~~ ~~[illegible]~~ to Canada. These brothers were intended as officers in Lt.-Col. John Peters' newly formed Queen's Loyal Rangers, the Loyalist regiment ~~which was~~ which was involved in the battle of Bennington.

In the years that followed Alexander was placed on pension of £7 seeing that he had a wife and six children, one whom was known to be John Lewis often called Campbell. ~~This~~ The latter's relationship to the family is at present unknown. While he is not mentioned by name, he accompanied

very likely the man across the road would do the same thing. and likely get away with it, unless you dug more deeply into the history of the ~~past~~ family. And if you decided to change your mind you would prove to the world that you were, indeed, an honest man.

If you should ever become inquisitive, especially if you claim descent from the Campbells of Adolphustown, you should look into the membership of the family in 1784, and follow it back from that point. If you do this you will notice that Alexander of Adolphustown had a family of one son and seven daughters. With this fact in mind you cannot go wrong.

To make our way into the past, I can suggest a very careful search through some of the 220 volumes of the Haldemand Papers, a copy of which are found in the Public Archives in Ottawa. Here can be found references to both Alexander Campbells. On the 5th of October 1784 there is a Muster of Loyalists and soldiers settled in Township 4 (Adolphustown) on that date. It relates that Alexander with wife and 4 daughters over 10 years of age and 2 daughters under ten years. There was also an Archibald, evidently a son, in the list. An additional note informed that Archibald and two daughters were absent in Montreal, but expected to come up this Fall.

In a similar entry in the Haldemand Papers of the previous autumn we find two Alexander Campbells. One Alexander had wife, two sons between 6 and 12 yrs of age, 3 sons under six and two young daughters. An added note shows that he had resided in N.Y., was formerly a J.P., and now an invalid at Montreal. The other Alexander and wife, with a son over 12 yrs of age and six daughters, had come from N.Y. and was a farmer.

There you are. We have found the two Alexander Campbells. A choice can now be made and further search in the records will

4 is over page

the family through the years and is recorded as residing in Adolphustown after 1784. The wife and family were in Sorel in 1780-1, at Varchers in 1781 and 1782 and at Sorel again in 1783.

The origin of this branch of the Campbell family makes interesting reading. It all followed the conquest of Canada by the British armies in 1759-60. The resultant peace led to the release of the vast no-man's land which stood between the two peoples. The authorities of New York Province granted much land to old soldiers who retired from the service in America. Requests were also made for old country residents to come to America. One of those who responded was Laughlin Campbell, an officer. He was offered a block of 100,000 acres, on which he planned to settle one hundred protestant families. They were to pay nominal surveying charges as well as the usual quit-rent.

Campbell, pleased with the terms of the agreement, brought out eighty-three families in 1738. However the assembly backed down on the agreement, even though Campbell brought out additional settlers in the following year. As a result, the helpless families were left to their own devices. Most of them remained in the country and hired themselves where possible to prevent starvation.

Many years later, Lt. Donald, son of Laughlin Campbell, made an appeal to the Council, telling the sad story of the people his father had brought out more than twenty years before, and asked for a grant of a hundred thousand acres. He received, instead, ten thousand acres for himself, his siblings and several others. Later, after they had made a success for their effort, other members of the original people made an appeal. They were offered the Argyle patent of forty-seven thousand acres. This land was distributed by a board of trustees to proven descendants of the original people. The idea worked very well and Argyle Town prospered.

+16.

Among the Scottish families was that of Duncan Campbell of Duntoon, formerly known as Duncan the Gentleman, who had come in prov 1740 with a wife and young family ~~of 3 sons & one dau.~~ Duncan applied in 1764 for a grant 400 acres in the name of his family of a wife and four children. Adrian, James, Archibald and Catherine. He was granted lot 36, of 450 acres in the town of Greenwich. Here they settled, and their first house was located near the mouth of the Cassayuna outlet, just to the east of Greenwich, Washington County, New York.

As has been said, James and Alexander went to Canada with the Loyalists. Duncan and his son Archibald returned. remained in Argyle, as did the daughter Catey. As has been already demonstrated, Alexander and his family remained in Quebec during the years of the war. Then, when peace came, Alexander, being given an option as to the place of settlement, decided on Adolphustown, with the group headed by Major Peter Van Alstine. They arrived in the cove at Adolphustown on 16 June 1784. Here they remained camped while survey of their township was completed. Alexander drew from the officer's hat, ~~tickets~~ allocation tickets. When the lots were finally allocated, Alexander drew the west half of Lot 19 in concession 4 of Adolphustown. John Low Campbell, who is assumed to be an adopted son, drew the east half of the same lot. Archibald obtained lots 13 and 14 in the 5th concession. These two lots bordering on the Long Reach of the Bay of Quinte amounted to 196 acres.

Alexander occupied lot 19 until 1805 when he evidently became too old to continue. He then apparently went over to Prince Edward County to live with his daughter, Jennet, who had married Elisha Millers.

He died on April 10, 1811, and lies buried in the cemetery surrounding the old Conger Chapel just north of the Town of Picton.

John Low evidently relinquished the east half when the

6 is over page

married ←——————→ and removed to Prince Edward County and settled near Hillier.

Archibald remained on his lot until his death. He lies buried in the old cemetery just north of the community of Gosport. His gravestone notes the place of interment of himself and his wife Catherine in these words:

Archibald Campbell, Esq., died July 5, 1851, aged 83 years.
Catherine, his wife, died July 5, 1855, aged 82 years.

It is a pleasing feeling to realize that sensitive people of the neighborhood have ~~taken~~ action to renovate this very ancient cemetery, and have finally persuaded the Township to assume its responsibility in the care of a Loyalist cemetery. It is sincerely hoped that other townships look to their responsibilities in caring for the last resting places of their early settlers to whom ~~so~~ much is owing.

During these early years in Adolphustown both Alexander and his only son, Archibald did their duty in the affairs of the Township. The former was poundmaster for the northern half of the township from 1793 to 1796, while Archibald served as Township Clerk for the years 1795 to 1798. In the latter year Archibald ~~served~~ as Weed inspector, as well as in 1799. Both father and son applied for and were granted town lots in the village of Adolphustown in Jan 1798.

The Reid Index of the sons and daughters of U. E. Loyalists who drew 200 acres of land by O.C. (Order-in-Council) with date, pertains to those children who applied for land as well on reaching their 21st birthday or, if a daughter, on her marriage. The list of these children of Alexander Campbell U.E. of Adolphustown are recorded below.

Alexander Campbell of Adolphustown
~~dau.~~ Ann, married, August 1786, Thomas Radenhurst of Montreal
O.C. 23 Aug., 1839
son Archibald of Adolphustown (note below).

dau. Mary, wife of Thomas Redout of Town of York.
dau Janet, wife of Elisha Miller of Hallowell; drew lots 14 and 15 Concession 10, Granville.

Alexander was father of seven daughters, ~~the remaining four who never applied for land were~~ according to family records they were

1. Mary, born May 11, 1771, married Hon. Thomas Redout on May 26, 1789 in Montreal. They were parents of ten children. 2000.
2. Annie, married Wm Radenhurst, Deputy Surveyor General Commandant of Fort William Henry, Sorel, P.Q. Three children.
3. Catharine, married Capt. Grant. They returned to Scotland on retirement. Parents of several children, now unknown.
4. Jeannette, married 29 Jan., 1792 Elisha Miller. One known child.
5. Elizabeth, born Sept. 2. 1782, married, Aug 25, 1800, Col. Hildebrand Vallean. Eleven children.
6. Sarah, married Sergt.-Major, Nathaniel Osborne. Four known children.
7. Fanny, married Henry Davis, a British soldier, settler in Adolphustown. Their descendants still reside in Adolphustown and neighboring Townships. 90

Alexander's only son was ~~Archibald~~ Archibald, born in Washington County, N.Y. in 1768, and was fifteen when he arrived in Argyle Town, N.S. 2100 and was sixteen when he married, about 1790 Catherine, who was born in 1773. Her surname is at present unknown. Their children as recorded in the Reed Index of Sons & daughters of U.E. is

Campbell, Archibald of Adolphustown.
dau. Phoebe O.C. 21 Jan 1824
1. Sarah born 14 Aug 1800, married in 1820, Henry Davis Jr. of Adolphustown. She died in 1873(?) O.C. 21 Jan 1824.
Son. Archibald of Adolphustown O.C. 7 Oct., 1826 and U.E. 11 Feb 1836.
dau. Eleanor O.C. 2 Oct., 1834

son John of Adolphustown. O.C. 2 Oct., 1834
dau. Catherine O.C. 6 Sept., 1832
dau Lanor O.C 6 Sept 1832
son Alexander of Adolphustown. O.C. 8 June 1825.

Nor should we neglect to mention James, the brother of Alexander who came to Canada with him after the surrender of Sen. Bourgoyne. James became a junior officer in Lieut-Col. John Peters' Queen's Loyal Rangers, and eventually was allocated to Jessup's Loyal Rangers as a Lieutenant. He married Elizabeth, the third child of the Rev. Thomas Clark, M.D. of the Cataraqui settlement. James and his wife settled in the Township of Augusta, near Prescott on the St. Lawrence. The record of their family in the Reid Index is as follows:

Campbell, James of Augusta, Ensign, Loyal Rangers, son of Duncan Campbell Lot 7 + W½ 8, Conc. 4 Oxford, married 1st Elizabeth Clark; married 2nd Phoebe, dau. of John Booth, U.E.
dau. Catherine, born 7 June 1798
son James of Augusta, bapt. 6 June 1796. O.C. 6 Aug., 1829.
dau Elizabeth, bapt. 27 May, 1793
dau Ann, bapt. 11 March, 1792. O.C 23 June 1801.
son Thomas Duncan of Augusta, bapt. 11 March 1792. O.C. 19 May 1804
dau Maria, marr. 23 Oct., 1833, James L. Schofield of Elmsley.
O.C. 22 Oct 1840
dau. Phoebe, marr. John McDonell of Matilda, O.C. 9 March 1843.

One record seems to be warranted to end the Campbell origins in Adolphustown. I refer to John Law Campbell. Little is known of his parentage or origin. It would appear that he was an adopted child, and possibly a relative. He would appear to account for the fact that records of Alexander Campbell's family found in the Haldimand Papers show two

(page 9 on back of page 7)

It is a failing of human nature to expound the virtues of our ancestors. If there are two with the same name, we invariably chose the more prominent one as our ancestor. The other one does not have the qualifications to satisfy our ego.

This was the situation in the Loyalist Campbell family. There were two Alexanders who settled in Upper Canada. The more noted one was an officer in the 42nd Regiment, the famous "Black Watch" with service in America in 1756. ~~He had later~~ After the Peace he settled in Schenectady in 1762, later removing to Schoharie. Here he established a store, and became a Justice of the Peace. He refused to become a Rebel, and being taken prisoner he was sent in irons to Connecticut. He survived and eventually made his way to Montreal. By 1790 he was established in Augusta Township, where he was known as Capt. Alexander Campbell. He was later appointed Lieut. of the County, a Legislative Counsellor, and Judge of the Court of Common Pleas: a most honorable ancestor, all will admit.

The other Alexander was a native of Islay, an Island off the West Coast of Scotland. He had come to America with his parents in 1740; and later, in 1764 finally, became a settler in Argyle Town, on the East Bank of the upper Hudson River. Here he settled, and in 1777, he joined General Burgoyne's Army and finally removed with his wife and family to Quebec Province. He later became too old to serve and was subsisted and eventually settled in Adolphustown. Here he died and did bried in the Conger Church Cemetery on the outskirts of Picton, Ont.

There you have two Alexanders, both Loyalists, one of whom is your ancestor. So, you must do more exploring before you make your choice and become embarrassed.

male children, and that one of them must have referred to John Shaw Campbell. We know that he drew and for a time occupied the East half of lot in the 4th concession of Adolphustown. He later removed to Prince Edward County. One further item relative to this man is found in the genealogy of the John Bristol family. It should be added to this brief story of the Campbells. It is:

"Elsie the elder daughter of John Bristol, who died 20 October 1847, aged 90 years, and his wife Elsie Aylesworth, who lived until 16 June 1858, aged 85 years and 7 months. Elsie was born 24 May, 1789 and died 1874. She married John Campbell, blacksmith. Lived in Prince Edward County. They had three daughters.

That ends the interesting but tiresome, story of the one branch Campbell family in Canada and U.S.A. Corroboration of the early phase will be found in a book on Argyle Town by Mr. Islay Gill. It is worth perusing. 2622

Mrs. Bailey's Query.

Alexander Campbell, U.E., of Adolphustown.

It is a failure of human nature to expound the virtues of our ancestors. If there happened to be two men with the same name, we invariably chose the more prominent one as our ancestor. The other one does not have the qualifications necessary to satisfy our ego.

This was the situation in the Loyalist Campbell family. But there were two Alexander Campbells who settled in Upper Canada. The more noted one was an officer in the 42nd Regiment, the famous "Black Watch", with service in America in 1756. After the Peace he settled in Schenectady in 1762, later removing to Schoharie. Here he established a store, and became a Justice of the Peace. Naturally he refused to become a Rebel, and being taken prisoner, he was sent in irons to Connecticut. He survived and eventually made his way to Montreal. By 1790, he was established in Augusta Township, where he was known as Captain Alexander Campbell. He was later appointed as Lieutenant of the County Militia, a Legislative Councillor, as well as Judge of the Court of Common Pleas. A most honorable ancestor, all will admit.

The other Alexander was a native of Islay, an island off the west coast of Scotland. He had come to America with his parents in 1740, and, after a period of unrest, had settled in Argyle Town in Albany County, in 1766, which lies on the east bank of the Hudson River near Fort Edward. In 1777, he joined General Burgoyne's army, and after the capitulation, he and his wife and children were removed to Quebec Province. In the disposal of the Loyal Refugees, the Campbell family accompanied Major Peter Vandalstine's party in the settlement of Adolphustown. Alexander and family settled in the portion of the township north of Hay Bay.

Hay Bay.

There, you have two Alexander Campbells, both loyalists; one of bottom is your ancestor. So you must undertake more investigating before deciding which one is your ancestor

Muster Roll of Volunteers comm. by Daniel McAlpine
!!B Esq. Raised by Order of General Sir W Howe, Norwell Beance,
22.10.1778
Lts. Alex Campbell
Ensign James Campbell

History of Queensbury
State Library, Albany 974.749 Q3

P 463
Extract from a letter from Duncan Campbell to John McCrisson
Argyle Dec 12, 1777

"Sir Some fiery men openly declare that they will drive off all the Scots & Irish as Tories from Argyle and New Perth, so that unless a good legislature interposes and help, then Canada and the depths of poverty will be our final doom"
Journal of the New York Provincial Congress V.2, p. 351

Part of a letter from John Younglove, Commissioner of Sequestration for the Northern Department of the County of Albany, to the President of the Council of Safety, dated Cambridge (Charlotte County) Dec. 2, 1777
"There is likewise another set of men that took protection and then went home to their work; we want to know what to do with them and concerning their estates. There is likewise a set of them that has been with through the campaign; and just before the Capitulation, ran from him and came home, and now are devouring our provisions that the friends suffer for; and the populace is determined to drive them off or kill them. If something is not speeded, I am with them; we fear the consequence, if they are left amongst us —" Journal of the New York Provincial Congress Vol 2, p 351

History of Queensbury [illegible] 3

p 408

In 1775

Names of inferior officers in each District

Argyle district

Alex^r Campbell Capt

Muster Roll Tp 4 (Adolphustown) 5 Oct 1784

Alex Campbell	1	1	0	0	42	Two girls absent. Expected up this fall
Arch^d "	1	0	0	0	0	

Alexander Esqr.

b. Scotland
To Am 1756 as officer 42d Regt

1776 Prisoner to Com 7 mo 15 Bkp

1778 Ordered to depart

1779 1 Jul. Magistrate at Montreal
27 Aug do
1780 Nov at Lachine
1781 Apr " " no Corps
1782 Jan [redacted] c Jan at Montreal
1783 July Montreal
1783 Nov. Freeholder Montreal
" " Ed up " "
110 70
1784 17 Sep 1 1 2 2 1 2 in Montreal
Sworn to Capt Boston in Spring

1787 1 Nov. Surv at Point Bodet
Received no land.
Forced to give up land
& evidently to Augusta

Alex of 4

b. Scotland 1729
To Am Nov 1740
To Argyle 1765
1777 20 Jul to Burgoyne
1777 Aug appt Lt
Jas Ens.

1779 25 Aug pens £7

Nov 1780 St Johns
Apr 1781 Bordeaux no Corps £7

Mar 1783 L.R. Soul Mrs.
Jul 1783 No Corps " "
7 Dec " " " "
Ed up. 1 1 1 0 0 2 2 2 nyPrisoner
1784 June 16 to Ad Town
Oct 5 "

1783 July
Jas of
Ric Du Chene
0 1 1 0 1
" "

Alex Campbells Children
wife Mary

1 Mary b. 11 May 1771 = 26.5.1789 Thos Ridout

2 Anne = Wm Radenhurst

3 Catherine = Capt Grant

4 Jeannette = 29.1.1792 Elisha Miller
d 14.10.1814 ae 42 yrs 5 days
(b 30.9.1762)

5 Phoebe

? 6 Elizabeth = Hildebrand Vallem

da. Nicholas

? 7 Sarah = St May Nathaniel Osborn

? 7 Fanny = Henry Davis

see p 89, 86 69 68

Duncan Campbell = Ann Lenox (see article on Duncan McArthur)

Catherine
d 3.7.1811 ae 73
(b 1738)

Old Graveyard south of Village of Argyle

1 Duncan McArthur d. 17 Feb 1813, ae 84 yrs (born 1728)
Catherine dau of Duncan Campbell. his w. d 3 July 1811 aged 73 (1738)
John McArthur their son d 27 Jan 1798 ae 24 years (b 1773)

have solved it by mistakenly claiming descent from the most prominent of the three. It is well-known that they are wrong, but if they enjoy it, who's to blame them? Not I!

We know that the many loyalists who escaped to Canada during and after October, 1777, were penniless refugees and had to be subsisted at Government's expense. As monthly lists of these persons was made and recorded in the Haldimand Papers, it is easy to follow the peregrinations of a family. For instance, in the period 25 March to 24 April 1781, we have record of two Alexanders, as,

Alexander Esquire	1	1	1	2	1	1	at Lachine
Alexander	0	1	2	0	4	2	at Verchères, pensioner at £7.

Compare this with a list of Loyalist Refugees in Nov 1783

			+12	6/12	-6			
Alexander	1	1	0	2	3	0	1	1 formerly J. P. now innholder
			+12	6/12	-6	+12	6/12	-6
Alexander	1	1	1	0	0	2	2	2 N.Y. farmer at Montreal

Further comparison requested of residents in Adolphustown on 5 October 1784

			+10	-10	+10	-10	
Alexander	1	1	0	0	4	2	two Girls absent, expected up this Fall
Archibald	1						Son to Montreal do

From these records we must conclude that the Campbell who settled in Adolphustown had 1 son + 6 daughters, and that he was the farmer from New York receiving a £7 pension not the former J. P. who was now an innholder at Montreal in Nov 1783

The J. P. + innholder is undoubtedly the merchant (3 sons 3 dau living) of Schenectady, N.Y. whose petition is quoted below in par

270 Evidence on the Claim of Alexander Campbell, late of Schoharry, Albany County N.Y. Province

He is a native of Scotland. He came to America in 1756, as an officer in the 42nd Regt. In 1762 he settled in Schenectady. In 1775 he

lived in Schoharie & kept a store there. The Rebels early in the year offered him the command of a Regt. In 1776 he was taken Prisoner & carried in Irons to Connecticut for 7 Months & 15 days. In Sept. 1778, he was ordered to remove out of the Province in 48 hours with his family & what he could carry in a wagon. He now resides at Point Bodet, 50 miles up the river, and has as yet no grant of land. Produces Certificate from Richd. Duncan, Capt. in Sir John Johnson's Regt that Claimt. was a Magistrate in N. York Province
The Mob burnt his store at Schenectady with goods & Merchandise to the value of £ 250 Cury.
Sir John Johnson Lr. states that he kept a Store & Tavern at Schenectady.

Who could blame any Campbell who wished to claim this Alexander as his ancestor? He had been an officer in the 42d Regiment in New York Province, had been a Justice of the Peace, which carried the title of Esquire, a merchant and Innkeeper and a large landowner. No wonder the Campbells of Adolphustown looked to him as their ancestor. And how wrong they were. This Alexander was residing at Point-Beaudet in 1787, and not in Adolphustown. Moreover, this Alexander was an Esquire merchant & Innkeeper, which occupations he carried on in Canada after the war. And he had been granted no land prior to 1787 while the Campbells of Adolphustown had been allocated land in 1784. In addition, the Alexander, Esquire has been shown as having 3 sons & 2 daus, while the Adolphustown Alexander had 1 son & 6 daughters. How about that? while Alexander, Esquire, had 5 boys and 2 daughters.

Islay & Jura

Those who live in the Twentieth Century with high-rise apartments, automobiles, and shopping centres know next to nothing of the tribulations which beported our ancestors. And no better example can be found than the story of the Campbells of Adolphustown.

Capt Lachlan Campbell, a native of the Isle of Islay, off the west coast of Scotland, was a soldier and had served on various occasions in the American colonies in their conflicts with their French neighbors. He was impressed by the vast areas of unsettled primeval areas on the borders between the two opposing people — French + British. He was much disturbed when he compared this virgin land with the birth land, the Western Isles of Scotland, peopled by share-cropping Crofters, living in huts of wattle wicker work, plastered with clay and roofs of straw and rushes. A proud, determined and stubborn people loyal to the ruling sovereign. This last feature they came by honestly. Their greatest enemies, the Macdonalds, were liegemen of the Stuarts. This made the Campbells loyal to the Crown.

Capt ~~Macdonald~~ Campbell, knowing the

Many of us, when looking for our ancestors, are prone to choose as prominent a person we can find with the correct name. This is what happened to those who claimed descent from Alexander Campbell, one of the early settlers of Adolphustown. They were faced with two Alexanders in the days of the American Revolution who were U.E. Loyalists — Alexander of Schenectady, and Alexander of Argyle. The first Alexander was far more prominent and a large landowner, merchant and of officer class. So, he we claim as our ancestor. The trouble, however, is that he settled in the Johnstown area, while our ancestor settled in Adolphustown.

So, let's start all over again, and separate these two Alexanders. He of the Johnstown area (Augusta Township) had married Abigail Brown and had children

Duncan
Archibald
Rebecca
John
Ann
Wm.
Abigail
Daniel B

180+ miles Tappan to Argyle Tp

b. 1829
ae 48 ~1777
ae 53 ~1784

Alexander of Adolphustown had one son and several daughters

Ann = Thos Rodenhurst
Archibald
Mary = Thos Redout
Janet = Miller Rev. White Church Pastor
Eleanor = Daniel Rose
Elizabeth = Vanlean
& others.

We are now in a jam & the water & oil won't mix. So what do we do? Start over?

Haldimand Papers

Subsistence 25-9 — 24.10.1779

Alex Campbell 1 0 1 0 +10 gets subsistence Montreal

Subsistence 25-10 — 24.11.1780

Alex Campbell 1 0 0 0 0 prisoner Pointe au Fer

25-11-3 — 24.4.1781

Alex Campbell 0 1 2 0 4 2 no corps Pensions subs £7

24.7.1783

James Campbell 0 1 1 1 0 1 L. Rangers Riv du Chene

Supernumerary Sent on Subsistence List

James Campbell

Alex Campbell

Adolphustown 5.10.1784

Alex Campbell 1-1 0 0 4 0 2 two girls absent expected up this fall

" 1 0 0 0 0 0 Gone to Montreal do.

Archd " 1

John Low "

James Campbell

Subscribers 24.7.1983

James 0 1 1 1 0 1 +6 -6 L R Rio Sen Chere

Haldimand Papers B-166 Campbell

Subsistence List 25 Sep - 24 Oct 1779

- Alex Campbell 1 0 1 0 gets subsistence Montreal
1767

Subsistence List 25 Oct - 24 Nov 1780

- Alex Campbell 1 0 0 0 0 Pensioner Pointe aux Fer

Subsistence List 25 Mar - 24 Apr 1781

- Alex Campbell 1 2 0 4 3 no Corps Vouchers Subsist £7 per m
+6 -6
Quak & fmo loyal

List of Loyal Subjects, who, for Suffering losses & Services to Government, have been recommended for Subsistence as a temporary Relief

- Alex Campbell £11 25 Aug 1777 a farmer recd by ~~[illegible]~~ Col. Campbell & Major Gray

77
29
4 8
Quebec
58

Subsistence List 25 Aug - 24 Sep 1781

- Alex Campbell 0 1 2 0 3 1 no corps Vouchers Subs. at £7 (ae 52)
+6 -6

Subsistence List 25 Dec 1781 - 24 Jan 1782

- Alex Campbell 0 1 2 0 3 1 Vouchers Subs at £11

Subs 24.3.1783

- Mrs A. Campbell 0 1 1 0 2 2 L. Rangers Sorel
+6 -6

Dawson = Anne Lenox

Jas | Alex 1729-1811 | Archd 1739-1808 | Caty d 1813

Subs 24.7.1783

James Campbell 0 1 1 1 0 1 L Rangers Rivière du Chêne
+6 -6
ae 53 = 1806

- Mrs A. Campbell 0 1 0 0 3 1 no Corps Sorel (he ae 54)

Archd 1767-8 1851

Supernumerary Gentlemen on Subsistence List

- James Campbell
- Alexander Campbell

undated Fall 1783 List -

- Alex Campbell 1 1 1 0 0 2 2 2 New York Farmer
+12 6/12 -6
Lt Alex Campbell 1 0 0 0 0 New York Farmer owns his Good Estate

My Love Affair With Scotland

by Helen Richards Campbell

Pleasure and profit will certainly result from the reading of this new contribution to the Scotian pages.

"My Love Affair With Scotland" comes from the talented pen of Mrs. Helen Richards Campbell of Kingston, Ont., who made many keen observations during a recent visit to Scotland. Her account of her journey over Scotland's highways and by-ways should replenish the Scottish mind.

Herewith is the first chapter in her love affair with Scotland . . .

Bill called, "Come on, Mother — the car is waiting. Let's see Scotland." Thus began my love affair — riding for the first time in a compact car, and driving on the wrong side of the road! After the first mile, the car became a coach-and-four; I was a Queen being transported straight into the Fairyland of turrets and battlements, of dungeons and dragons; heraldry and caparisoned steeds. We crossed to the Isle of Bute on a royal barge to visit Rothesay Castle.

I heard the thunder of hoofs over the drawbridge; saw an imprisoned princess waving forlornly from a tall inaccessible casement window; could taste the ox roasting on the spit; smelled the dankness of the underground cells; heard the muffled cries of prisoners, and the occasional venemous malediction poured upon a cruel guard. In a voluminous ball-gown, I danced in the Great Hall with powder-wigged, silken-hosed Knights. I heard the clank of armor; and an echo of whispered prayers from a chapel now in ruins.

This way my Fatherland — my heritage. I was overwhelmed with pride, romance and love.

Scotland is a land of contrasts. We found new and modern apartment complexes; and we found beautiful old castle ruins — reminders of the turbulent times and distinguished past of this ancient Nation. We drove beside old stone hedges and over ancient bridges, to enter a town having the finest distillery equipment. At one good hotel, the private generating system was turned off at eleven p.m., and candles were provided for emergencies. But in startling contrast is the modern marvel of the three-power station near Loch Awe. At Invernan, the station is completely underground; near Meall Cuanail the generating system is so vast, that several cathedrals could be fitted inside the mountain. We drove by tranquil country crofts, then from MacCaig's Castle viewed the incomparable wide-spread beauty of the Bay of Oban; bought hand-woven goods at Lochgilphead; stumbled our way through underground passages of Carnassairie Castle; and watched the fury of the North Sea at Bullers of Buchan.

The roads in Scotland are good. Many are one-lane, but sprinkled liberally with "lay-bys". We stopped many times, just to impress the scene on memory, because around each curve a new and enchanting view greets the driver. Heather may be picked from the road-side dykes, while sitting in the car. A modern straight super-highway is being built into Glasgow, but beauty will be sacrificed in the sacred name of "Progress"; although I am happy to learn that a new road will by-pass the "Old Military Road" and the Devil's Elbow.

With the car in neutral near Ayr, we backed up hill. Bill attempted some scientific explanation — later concluded, "It's no use — we've lost Mother. She is not even listening." But what lover needs mundane detailed interpretation!

This imposing monument, just off Princes Street, Edinburgh, surrounds the figure of Scotland's great writer, Sir Walter Scott.

Traffic is light on Scottish highways; in driving over 1300 miles, we saw only one transport. There are few parking restrictions; and no parking meters; on Princes Street in Edinburgh we parked all night in front of our hotel. In many cities, a U turn may be made in the middle of the street; pedestrians cross any place, any time — motorists calmly wait. One sign at the head of Loch Awe was subtly explicit. Without even a "Slow" sign, a road-construction crew were widening the right-of-way between a steep hill and the water. The only sign read, "You are warned. The water is 350 feet deep!" At one sharp corner a mirror had been installed, giving a few moments warning of approaching traffic. On the main route out of Oban, there is a one-way bridge — no driver appeared impatient. At Ballachulish Ferry, we counted 71 cars waiting for a four-car ferry. The attitude seemed, "It's a beautiful day. Let's enjoy it."

Telephones are still a luxury in some sections, but due to the ingenuity of the Scottish scientist, Robert Watson-Watt, there is a modern radar station near Cruden Bay. Not all Scots are happy about the buildings now being erected. After exploring Slain's Castle near Whinnyfold, we met an Aberdonian who worked at the radar station. He asked if we had seen that monstrosity being built in a near-by city. He was incensed and disgusted, claiming that the new architecture clashed with the traditional regal century-old sandstone and granite buildings. And he implied that long after this grotesque combination of glass and cement was in ruins, the stately old mansions would still be standing — silent proof of early Scottish workmanship.

The road signs, mostly symbols were enchanting; museums were exciting, especially the artifacts at Fort William. We entered ancient country churches, often open or with the key hanging on the latch, to admire beautiful stained glass windows and write our names in the visitor's book. My love was growing with every mile.

The old Norman design of architecture of 1240 is evident at Rothesay Castle, which is being restored. Renovated rooms were opened on July 31, in honour of the Duke of Rothesay — our own Prince Charles. And on Castle Street, the Mansion House still juts out into the street. The Scottish people will allow no modernization of this venerable building. Living and working in the Present, the Scot reverses the traditions of the Past. The new world has not yet learned of this great respect — many fine old buildings, erected two centuries ago by Scottish craftsmen are being destroyed in reckless abandon to make way for — a parking lot. Give us a litle time. We shall learn.

On our way to Carsphairn, an old MacMillan burial ground, the bus driver had to stop until a flock of sheep leisurely crossed the road. Some one remonstrated. The driver turned and simply explained, "Sheep have the right of way in 'this country'." No apology — just a statement of fact. My heart throbbed with Pride. Every day in Scotland deepened my love.

Bred into each newborn Scotsman is the intrinsic gift of friendliness. One professor from an Academy admitted that he had been told to watch for 'the Canadians', so that we would not get side-tracked while hunting for Castle Sween. On the bridge of Doon, a friendly couple from Dundee told us that their next door neighbour would be visiting Kingston, our home town.

At Glencoe, we met a charming family of Campbells from South Africa, accompanied by a vivacious cousin, supervisor of a Girl's School near Langbank; there also we met dozens of "hill walkers", who at night camp in tents in the Glen, and by daylight are climbing "The Three Sisters" or "Buachaille Etive Mor." When asking directions, the usual answer was, "Follow my car — I'm going that way." After pointing out the correct route, our Good Samaritan invariable turned back; he had gone out of his way to provide direction to a car load of benighted tourists.

To be continued.

"In My Opinion"

By Pat Stahl
Montrose Camp, Vancouver

First of all I would like to say that I look forward to receiving and reading the Scotian, and it was with particular interest that I noted in the September 1970 edition that there are 5,000,000 Scottish folk in Scotland and 50,000,000 Scottish folk outside of Scotland. Now I am not claiming to have met more than an infinitesimal few but in all my travels both in Scotland and abroad NEVER NEVER NEVER have I heard anyone of them using the vernacular of Eckie and Wull of Terracin' Tawk.

I am a Doonhammer and have been in Canada for nearly 11 years and to this day I have not lost one little bit of my accent — in fact on visits back to Scotland I am repeatedly told that if anything my accent is more prounced than ever. And — in case you have any notion that I speak "pan loafy" — I don't. To my way of thinking and of course I could be prejudiced, there is nothing more pleasing to the ears than a fine Scottish lilt, but Eckie and Wull to name but two of your "columnists" really burn me up. I have four volumes (very, very old volumes) of the Scottish Dictionary given to me on one of my trips to Scotland by Mr. Dalgleish of the Burns Federation. I have researched the pages o'er and o'er to find some of the words used by Wullie and Eck et al but to no avail. To be blunt Wullie and Eck and a few other subscribers to the Scotian are bastardizing the Scottish language and I, and several of my contemporaries, are of the same opinion.

I know I should be proud of my Mother tongue and I am but I am certainly not proud of the slang that appears in the Scotian. I would go as far as to say that if Wullie and Eckie ever took a trip back to Scotland they would have to take an interpreter with them otherwise they would never be understood. May I suggest in all sincerity that these two gentlemen should go to night school this winter and take Basic English for New Canadians.

FITBA' TAWK

SNOAKOARNUR — it's not a corner.
AWANPITYERFROAKON — player playing like a sissie.
ZATNOSEECKNIN? — what a poor display.
PITRABIT INTIRATYIN — resort to a bit of foul tactics.
OPENYUREENREF — reference to the referee's sight capabilities.
SNOAGOAL — it's not a goal.
GETOARIN — don't be afraid to tackle.
SASHIE! — the ball went over the sideline and the linesman didn't see it.
BOOKUM — a tentative plea to the referee to discipline a player.
AWAWIRRAGOALIE — Charge the goalie.
YABIGSODIEHEID — oath uttered to a forward who has missed an open goal.
AMMAWA AFOREHAUFTIME — I can't stand all this mucking about, I'm away for a pint.

WHERE! O WHERE! HAS THE SCOTTISH LANGUAGE GONE?

Under the article title of "In my Opinion", Pat Stahl has made reference to the corruption of the Scottish Language as created by the Scotian slang. Pat's concern for the Scottish language immediately sparked an enquiring thought from the Scotian as to what exactly is the Scottish language.

The term Scottish language is used to denote Lowland speech . . . Braid Scots . . . Doric or Lallans — a language not readily understood by present day Scots.

With each passing generation the Scottish language sinks more and more into oblivion. Indeed! if it were not the poets — Alan Ramsay, Robert Fergusson and Robert Burns — who gave the language a kiss of life it would have succumbed to English many centuries ago.

At the present moment there is a movement by the Burns Federation and other like organizations to incorporate the Scottish Language into the education of the children by the study of such poems by Burns and other Scottish poets.

A new and more complete Scottish Dictionary is being processed so that the old Scots words may not fade entirely from the Scottish tongue.

Perhaps this may inspire a renewal of many Scottish expressions.

Truth of matter has to be referred to how the Scots are educated in the terms of reading, writing and speaking.

English is the main language taught in schools; it is the only language by which Scots are able to read (except Gaelic speakers and even they are bi-lingual). English is the language of Scottish law . . . Church . . . Business.

A proud claim has often been made by Inverness people that the best English in BRITAIN is spoken there. YES! in the Highlands of Scotland.

Saddest portion of the Scottish tongue is their unconcern for Gaelic which has also shown a serious decline in its usage. Even the gaelic speaker has to be bi-lingual in English because he would never be understood by any Lowland Scot. Even his brother-Scot of the Highlands is an alien to the gaelic word on many occasions.

Surprisingly, the Gaelic is preserved more ardently in Cape Breton, N.S., than in Scotland.

How many Scots can say, "Ciamar tha Sibh?" (How do you do?) or "Slainte mhath!" (Good Health!)?

Old Scottish words are still in use in some rural areas, mainly on farms, and in common use with the tradesman. But in all cases the words are mixed in with English.

When Scots "get together" there is a vast amount of "character-words" exchanged. Each county, or so it seems, has its own particular brand of dialect. Each one being proud of this instant identification.

John Buchan (Lord Tweedsmuir) stated that when the family moved from Fife to Glasgow — he couldn't understand them nor they him.

Of the many dielects in Scotland, Aberdonians can make claim to having the most difficult dialect for a Lowland Scot to understand.

On the other hand, Burns, in using a language pertaining to the Ayreshire people, had a similar problem to other parts of Scotland . . .

"Auld Scotland wants nae skinking ware
That jaups in luggies:"

It may be probable that Burns improvised words to suit his prose, using a type of phonetic spelling . . . faut)fault), Faun (fallen), chows (chews), Ayont (beyond) and so on.

The Scottish Dictionary, also the glossary of any Burns book, contains many worthy words of old but this does not constitute a language spoken.

In the article — "In my opinion" the writer remarks about the distinctive Scottish accent. This is the hilt of the Scottish language today — an accent . . . an accent on the English language.

Scots in their pronunciation emphasize any or all R's and in many words the vowel takes on a different tone when spoken from a Scottish tongue. As the writer says, "there is nothing more pleasing to the ears than a fine Scottish lilt, to all of which we most heartily agree.

But it isn't the Scottish language!

Unfortunately for the Scots, they have to make themselves understood to the rest of the English-speaking world which means a disregarding of Scots worthy words.

However, within the compass of their own backyard why can't they dwell on a language that's easy to portray? Certainly, in most cases it is slang but then what nation does not use slang in their everyday talk?

In the Scotian feature of "Terracin Tawk" — never has any claim been made as to authenticity towards a Scottish language. It only is representative of "fitba-type" talk which is mostly slang. And the only way to write conversation on paper is PHONETICALLY.

For instance, very few Scots call a scone a scone, rather it is SCOAN. Same with on . . . "Not oan yer nellie".

Take this wee rhyme . . .

"Shake 'n' shake the ketchup boatl,
nane'll come —
an' then a loat'll.

Yes! it is slang and poor in grammar but it has a Scottishness that's pure and full of character.

William Henry Drummond — the Habitant Poet — wrote many of his poems in a phonetic wording to capture the French-Canadian English dialect.

In actuality, Terracin' Tawk was simply formulated to present soccer news in its natural talk with a bit of nostalgia mixed in. Lack of space sometimes requires the phraseology to be somewhat curtailed and without proper grammar.

As far as learning Basic English, Eckie an' Wull wish to intimate that they have no desire to immigrate. All they ask is enough money for admission into the Saturday soccer game and a wee bit hauf tae wash it a' doon.

Flower Enthusiasts

By Joyce Kolibas
Lord of the Isles

One of these is Past Chief Bro. Muir Wilson, who for some years has enjoyed gardening as a hobby — his particular interest being chrysanthemums. (I understand there are any number of varieties but I will stick to chrysanthemums — if I can continue to spell it correctly!) Bro. Wilson belongs to the New Westminster Chrysanthemum Club and only wishes he had a much larger area in which to indulge his favourite pastime, but has to content himself with his city lot.

At a recent show Muir rounded things up nicely by taking eights firsts, five seconds, and three thirds, out of sixteen entries. Not a bad show I would say, and all that I know about chrysanthemums is that they are pretty and smell nice! Muir and Margaret also visited Seattle recently to attend flower shows there. If anyone cares to start a hobby you couldn't do better than to get advice from the expert! Muir used to be quite a golfer at one time (and probably still is for that matter) but I am not sure that his game may have to suffer or at least take a back seat to his flowers.

Another flower enthusiast in our camp is Sister Ruby Milligan with her flower arranging hobby. She also belongs to the New Westminster Chrysanthemum Club as well as the South Burnaby Garden Club. The Burnaby Club specializes in vegetable shows and I understand Bro. Peter Milligan shines in this department having recently had success with onions and leeks. But back to Ruby — she recently took four firsts and two seconds out of six entries, for flower arranging, and not content with this she took 'Best of the Show' which earned her a silver rose bowl which she says she has to keep clean for a year! Congratulations to these members for their personal efforts — it beats sitting at home feeling sorry for yourself anyway!

SWEETHEART ABBEY

True love never ever dies? Just a few miles out of Dumfries is an Abbey by the name of Sweetheart Abbey. It was founded by Lady Devorgilla in memory of her husband, John Balliol.

Lady Devorgilla is buried here at this Abbey, resting in peace with the heart of her husband lain on her bosom, giving full implication towards the bequeathment of Sweetheart to this Abbey's name title.

John Balliol founded Balliol College, Oxford.

A BROWN WATCH TARTAN?

Believe it or not there is a Brown Watch Tartan!

Used by fashion stylists, they have substituted brown for the black in the Black Watch tartan.

Lord Lyon, the official overseer of authentic tartans, does not recognize it as a genuine one.

On this basis there was a move to disband the manufacture of the Brown Watch tartan but the demand by the purchasing public became so high that it still decors the windows of the fashion stores.

Meet the Chief

Jessie Lennie
Glamis Camp #210, Vancouver, B.C.

I was born in Aberdeen, and attended Walker Road School, and later Torry Junior Secondary.

Before coming to Canada in 1952, I was active in the Girl Guides, Youth Club, and was a member of the Thistle Ladies Swimming Club.

I arrived in Vancouver in June, 1952, and joined the Sons of Scotland in September. I returned to Scotland in 1954, however Canada was in my blood, and I returned in 1956.

I got married in November 1958, and have three children, two girls and a boy My husband is presently Chieftain of Glamis Camp, and while we have a few baby-sitting problems, manage to take part in the Social Activities which I feel are an important part of belonging to the Sons of Scotland.

I take an active part in District 16 Curling and also enjoy lawn bowling in the summer.

Lochnagar Camp #180, Vancouver

Winter activities now in full swing, with members participating in all events.

Many of us joined with members of Royal Scot Camp to celebrate with them, their 75th Anniversary. A milestone to be proud of.

Looking forward to our Annual Xmas Party to be held following the December 10th meeting. Also to our "Nicht wi Burns" on Saturday, January 16th.

Looks like a surge of interest in Camp meetings lately — members are urged to attend — support your officers and at the same time spend an enjoyable evening.

Seasons Greetings are extended to all members across Canada. Let's make 1971 a year of survival and reaffirm our Scottish heritage.

Reporter: P.C. Chris Hood.

JUST A WIND-BAG!

Here's an achievement to get puffed up about: a bagpipe band from Stevenage near London claimed at the wekend that it had established an English non-stop playing record of 10 hours.

This was several wails, skirls and groans beyond the previous record of 9½ hours set by the Blue Bonnet City of London pipe band.

Still to be determined is whether the award should go to the long-winded bagpipers or collectively to stoic citizens of Stevenage.

Voice of the Young

Do you have a $10.00 Idea?

The Scotian's not with it.
Not with what?
The Youth.
Haven't you done your thing?
Yeah! but it's been a fling.
Howya gonna get unflung and with them?
By spreading out some chicken-feed.
Getting materialistic?
Nop! stirring up incentives.
Incentives to what?
To doing their own thing.
Aren't they doing just that?
Not in the Scotian.
What is their Scotian thing?
It's up to them to tell us.
In how many words?
No sweat — as long as they relate.
Relate to the Scotian?
No! relate to what they want in it.
For themselves?
Nat! — a Voice of the Young.
How much hay did you say?
I didn't but each suggestion gets a $10 spot.
Only the best suggestion?
Not necessarily — any worthwhile suggestion.
On any topic at all?
Anything that appeals to them.
Their thing!
Yep! Now you're with it.
How many young members in the clan?
Approximately thirteen per cent.
Unlucky for some!
Yes! if they don't suggest.
You wish them to be suggestive?
Only to the Scotian so it can serve as a medium to communicate.
I can hear them now brother!
And we hope to hear from them too!
Send us your ideas as what is best for you in the Scotian.
It's worth $10.00.

Drap us a line . . .

CAN YOU BEAT IT?

The Horse and Mule have 30 years
And knows nothing of Wines and Gin,
And never taste of Scotch or Rye.
The Cow drinks water by the ton,
And at 18 is mostly done.
The Dog at 15 cashes in,
Without the aid of Rum or Gin.
The Cat has milk and water soaks,
And then at 12 short years it croaks,
The modest sober, dry bone hen
Lays eggs for 'nogs — then dies at 10.
All animals are strictly dry
Then sinless live and swiftly die.
But sinful, Ginful, Whisky soaked men
Survive for 3 score years and ten!

— *Isabel K. Noakes, 99 Eringate Drive, Etobicoke, Ontario*

• Did ye hear aboot a racin' hoarse doon in Miami which lost 38 races inna row — it finally crossed the finishin' line first efter gettin' a shot o' whisky. Wunner if it was "White Horse" whisky?

THANKS FOR REPRINT

I was very much surprised to see a reprint of a letter I wrote. I thank you very much. And I surely do hope descendants of the person I wrote of — will answer.

— *Mrs. R. Puerner, 3469 Bryant St., Palo Alto, California*

• It was the least we can do because we are not equipped to investigate ancestry research at the present moment.

MUIRHEAD PIPE BAND STORY

Although you have given me credit for the article I was only partly responsible. It was originally set in motion by my wife's brother — Mr. James Graham of North Bay, a Past Chief in the S.O.S. who sent me a copy of "The Scotian" and who suggested I might be in a position to tell the "Muirhead Pipe Band" story. So with help from the Scottish Sunday Post, The Scottish Pipe Band Assn., and Muirhead & Sons Ltd., Pipe Band I was able to send Mr. Graham the result which you have so nicely set in your magazine.

Thank you once again and incidently I see Mr. Graham's wife, Nettie, in the photo of the Ladies Drill Team, Kintail Camp, page 19 — she is the one in the front row, second left.

You will, no doubt, be aware that the Muirhead band came second this year to the Shotts and Dyke band.

— *Alex F. Fenton, 45 Barassie St., Troon, Ayrshire, Scotland*

• Sort of looks like Muirhead could only have been ousted out of first place by being Shott ower the Dyke.

RETIREMENT READING

I enjoy your paper very much. I think it is a very good idea of holding our memberships together. I was a member of Borders Camp #154 in Windsor in the 20's and moved to Montreal. Now I have retired to the country and believe me I read every word of your paper. Wishing you and the S.O.S. the very best of luck.

— *Alex Baird, 826 Tour. Du. Lac., Golden Lake, Val David, Quebec*

DEAR HARRY LAUDER

Thank you for September issue of Scotian, especially with the fine picture of dear Harry Lauder — it brought back gay memories to me. I enjoyed him when he was here at the Orpheum Theatre many years ago. How can I ever forget:

"Keep right on to the End of the Road."

Whilst watching Harry perform I felt that I would never see him again for he was getting along in years . . . and I never did!

— *Florence M. Merritt*

• And I doubt if we'll ever see another Harry Lauder again — he gave us so much to sing about.

KAIL AN' CABBAGE

Notice in the latest issue of the Scotian that in the article Thingamajigs (its a good job I could copy the way to spell that word) that you had the word kail as another word for cabbage.

No! they are two different vegetables.

Of course I came from the Buchan district and maybe we are a bit queer. I used to work on the farms fifty years ago and we got all that stuff you could make brose out of the "bree".

I hope I am right!

— *Wee Geordie Napier, 268 John St., Weston, Ontario*

• Jings! Geordie ah wadnae say that Buchan fowk are queer 'cause kail could be a different vegetable awa' up there. We dinna want tae mak' a "brose oot o' the bree".

CLAN MacDOUGALL SOCIETY

At the last meeting of our Society, the membership voted to change the name to the Clan MacDougall Society of the United States and Canada. We did this with the encouragement of our Chief because of the fact that we are adding Canadian members to our roster right along.

— *John MacDougall, P.O. Box 7767, Nashville, Tenn., U.S.A.*

ANDREW FRAE LINDSAY

I do enjoy the Scotian which I receive and look forward to. I joined Christie Camp in October, 1922 and I am sorry to say I was only a short time in Toronto when I left to re-locate in Lindsay. I haven't been able to attend many meetings but I have always kept up my dues. Often I would like to visit a camp and enjoy some of the programs, being in my 81st year, my travel is somewhat curtailed. I wish the S.O.S. every success and may our members grow in strength.

— *Andrew Gilchrist, 91 Regent St., Lindsay, Ontario*

• AYE! its offa guid tae hear frae ye Andrew. Drap us a line onytime!

GENEALOGY PROJECT

I would like to enquire about my Great Grandfather, James Bruce. James was born at London, Ontario, in approximately 1835. He had a brother named John and two sister Helen and Georgina. Do you have any information on the Bruce family? Any data at all the Bruce Family would be most helpful.

— *Mary Jean Peitz, 319 Roberts, Pierre, South Dakota 57501, U.S.A.*

• Offhand the Bruce Peninsula comes to mind which is located North of London. Therein may be a relationship to your family tree and perhaps some reader from this area can elaborate.

BOY-HOOD DAYS

Enjoyed your article — "The Changing Face of Moray". Your mention of Lhanbryde and Elgin brought back memories of my boy-hood days for during the years 1914-22 this was my home. Wishing you every success with the Scotian.

— *L. Alexander*

• Don't know why it is but our young days seem to contain everlasting pictures which never fade with age.

SCOTLAND VISITED

I must go back to the Clyde again;
Pick heather from the hills;
See the fierce grandeur of Glencoe,
And hear the mountain rills.

Must see the dykes along the road;
Sheep grazing on the braes;
The majesty of the Highlands,
Where the long-horn cattle graze.

I must see again St. Andrews flag
In stately silence waving;
I must go back to find my heart —
I left it at Loch Lomond.

Helen Richards Campbell
Kingston, Canada

"Gie Me Back Ma Sgian Dubh!"

The sgian dubh, pronounced skean doo, is an ornamental dagger that Scotsmen traditionally tuck into the top of a sock when they wear kilts.

In this age of hi-jacking it has become a suspect weapon connected with Scots flying into the wild blue yonder.

Hugh MacDonald, a Glasgow journalist, was about to board a plane from Mexico City to the Bahamas when a guard spotted the sgian dubh.

MacDonald had to give up his dress dagger but was allowed to keep his Clan MacDonald kilt. (Thank goodness for that or the secret would have been revealed to the world.)

Hugh MacPherson, a Glasgow city councilman, was heading for Paris at London's Heathrow Airport. A guard made him pack away his sgian dubh with his bagpipes. MacPherson said, "I asked if I looked the sort of person who would hijack an aircraft, but the policeman was adamant." It is reported that the policeman retorted with . . . "NO SKEAN DO" . . .

PRAWN BOON IN FIFE

Earnings up to 25 pounds per week shelling prawns are being shelled out to the shelling housewives in Fife's fishing villages on the Firth of Forth.

Before the last war prawns had no market value at all and were thrown back into the sea. These present day prawns are a real bonanza to the Fife fishermen who are averaging fifty Pounds (money) for a days catch of 20 tons.

Shelling prawns is no easy task as it plays havoc with the hands. It also interferes with supper-time as the shelling is usually done when the boats return in late afternoon.

Shortage of help prevails in most ports.

Some Eyemouth fishermen have to do their own shelling — even after a 12-hour stretch at sea.

Fife prawns are being exported to Canada. Look for this specialty on the menu when you next dine out.

Perhaps it may be advisable to inform you that a prawn is an edible crustacean of the shrimp family.

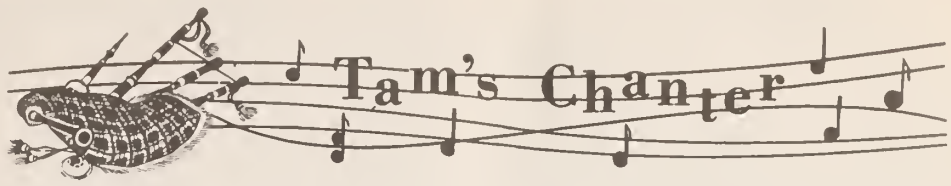
How about sweet and sour prawns!

Genealogical Help . . .

Duncan McLean

I am looking for descendents of Duncan McLean b. about 1790 and his wife Mary Jane McArthur b. about 1790. They came from Crieche on The Isle of Mull, Scotland, around 1830-1. Some of their children were 1. John b. about 1817, Scotland, m. Effie McLeod in Canada b. about 1822, Isle of Skye. 2. James b. about 1819, Scotland, m. Nancy Stout. 3. Dougald McLean, b. about 1827, m. Jessie McKinnon. 4. Archibald, b. about 1836, m. ——?, and there were several girls. I would also be very interested in hearing from people with surname Gunn. Also the Calders of Paisley, Scotland, and the McVicars of Argylshire, Scotland.

Mrs. Jean Mott,
R.R. 1, Brownsburg,
Quebec, Canada.



Caledonian Exports Ltd. hiv developed a lather-less, soap-less ingredient furr shavers. Their idea, noo oan the market, iz an extra-fine, colourles oil. Efter scoorin' the face wi' watter, a few draps o' oil iz pet oan the razor an' yer aff tae the races. Secret o' the hale thing iz that the oil saftens the beard. Wad ye say this is a blessin'?

* * *

Anither invention is sweepin' the Scots, especially their mid-riff. A battery-powered belt activates teenie tremors thro' the stamake muscles an' a hauf-'oor o' tremorin' equals a normal twa-'oor exercise. This four-inch belt iz worn unner yer claithes an' only yer taillor knaws furr shair.

* * *

Oan yer next holedays dae ye want tae really get awa' frae it a'? Weel! tack a journey tae a monastery in Kirkcudbrightshire (aye! they're gettin' intae the tourist business). Hosted by several monks, the guests are given lessons in yoga and Buddhist meditation. Cost o' room an' board is a'maist nine poons a week. Ye sleep oan the flair, wash yer ain dishes, mack up yer ain bed. Fare is exclusively alang vegetarian line sic as groond rice an' ither vegetables. Ah guess ye wad appreciate the camp cup o' tea after that . . .

* * *

Inscription oan a gravestone at Elgin Cathedral reads . . .

"If life were a thing that money
could buy,
The poor could not live, and the
rich could not die."

* * *

Post Mortem tae the Post Caird! Price o' a postage stamp tae send a "Wish ye were here" postcaird in Britain will be seven pence. An' we grummle aboot the six-cent letter!

* * *

Twa major health problems lurk their dangers in Scotland — alcoholism an' smokin'. Latest figures indicate a 1 in 4 ratio o' patients in hospital are alkies.

* * *

At Western General Hospital, Edinburgh, a new-style treatment furr stroke victims features a dose o' a dram every three tae faur 'oors. Idea ahind this iz tae dilate the cerebral bluid vessels which affect the use o' limbs. The treatment iz believed tae be the furst o' its kind, weel! ah've gote news furr the doctor . . .

* * *

Glesca Corporation debt iz noo three hunner quid furr every man, wumman an' bairn residin' in its jurisdiction. "Ah belang tae Glesca . . . DEAR auld Glesga toon".

* * *

It had tae cum . . . a lauddie gettin' fired 'cause o' his Glesca accent. Cliff Hanley wiz drappit frae the radio programme "Today in Scotland" because sum listeners didna care furr his Glesca twang. Must hiv been Hibs supporters!

* * *

Retirements are compulsory tae a wumman o' 60 an' a man at 65 but an M.P. "wurks" furr ever an' ever.

* * *

Film star — Sean Connery — lang a strang suporter o' Scottish Nationalism, iz gawn tae conduct a special survey (or at least sponsor it) as tae why sae mony Scots leave Scotland. Ah can think o' wan guid reason . . . Independence!

* * *

Welfare "stints" in Scotland noo favour being pet in prison sae that welfare continues oan a peyin' basis. Besides! the prison sentence macks a fine holeday tae a welfare recipient. Och! welfare iz like the weether — everywan complains aboot it but can dae naethin' tae stoap it.

* * *

Since 1964, aroon 674,577 Britons hiv emigrated tae Australia, Canada, and New Zealand. Hauf o' them went tae Australia.

* * *

Swimming the Tay is a sair fecht at ony time but a Mrs. Olive Pow took a dook in this river durin' a storm . . . jist tae prove that onythin' a man can dae, a wumman can dae it better. Accompanying Mrs. Pow were Greta Gall an' Moira Hart . . . at least she hart tae gaun wi' her gall. Olive's hubby is Provost o' Tayport.

* * *

Scots barmaids are oan the "Saigon Tea Trick". Ony customer wha "treats" them tae a drink the barmaids suggest a vodka an' orange . . . you know the rest. Wan thing, it's a guid wey o' gettin' vitamin "'C".

* * *

Then there's them stewards oan the trains da'en a wee bit o' blind-piggin' in buyin' their refresh oot o' the supermairkets an' re-sell'n it tae traivellers at a 75% profeet.

* * *

Cairrian oan wi' the same theme . . . the Irish expression furr moonlicht whisky is Poteen.

* * *

Increditable! Each an' every nicht five million Britons rely oan sleepin' pills furr a nicht's rest.

* * *

Lack o' indoor plumbin' interferes wi' a child's academic ability, at least this is whit sum educationalists are assertin'. Oan the ither haund, indoor plumbin' is creatin' the wurld's watter intae a cesspool o' pollution.

* * *

Dram derived its use in pubs frae a sma' measure used by chemists — drachm. Sae ah lift up ma drachm an' weesh ye weel.

Taa, taa the noo,
Tam.

THE SECRETARIAL FILE

By Stena Graffer

Did you know that the secretarial profession is 5,000 years old? My goodness, that amounts to many, many expired laps.

Credited with being the initial secretaries are the Babylonian scribes who took dictation on clay tablets. No definement as to whether the scribes were masculine or tender gender but I sure wouldn't relish their filing system.

Always thought shorthand to have been a modern secretarial application but apparently it is as old as the profession itself. Historians have found traces of shorthand as used by such ancients as Egyptians, Hebrews, and Persians (imagine these people under the same system!) Sometimes secretarial work gets to be downright slavery . . . dictate this, dictate that. Back in 63 B.C. a Greek slave by the name of Tiro got tirod of writing his boss's speeches down in long hand so he developed the first real shorthand system. His boss was the famous Roman orator Cicero — the first toastmaster-general.

Just before Prince Charlie decided to Jack up the Rising, Henry Mill — an English engineer — took out the first patent for a typewriter . . . the year 1714. But we secretaries had to remain on our pads for a further 154 years before a really practical typewriter came about.

Secretaries of the S.O.S. unite! You belong to a secret service. At least, that's the way it all started with our title. Sometime between 500 A.D. and 1500 A.D. a group of scholars took the Latin word "secretum" . . . meaning secret . . . and used it as the base for secretarius, a word chosen as the designation of someone who was entrusted with confidential matters.

In French the word became secretaire; in Spanish secretaria; in German, sekretain; in Italian, segretaria and of course, the English, secretary!

Okay you secretaries — coffee break's over — get back to your pads!

RELICS SOUGHT FOR FORT GEORGE

Custodians of Scotland's historic Fort George are seeking some missing unique relics which were part of Fort George's armament.

The sprawling fortress, built by the English between 1748 and 1769 to subdue the rebellious clans following their defeat in the Battle of Culloden, was for long a symbol of oppression in Scotland.

TOURIST ATTRACTION

But in recent years, the Scots have been more inclined to look to the tourist trade and the responding attraction of the Fort.

Its sturdy granite defences now are tramped by rubber-necking visitors and the echo of drilling soldiers has been replaced by the clicking of cameras.

The fortress was constructed on a spur of land jutting into the North Sea 11 miles north of Inverness, protected on three sides by water and cut off from the mainland by a ditch which could be flooded in times of danger.

SEEK GUNS

In 1964, when the building came under the supervision of the public buildings department, it was found to be missing half its complement of archaic guns and heavy mortars.

It's virtually impossible to get authentic heavy guns dating back to Fort George's early days and the penny-watching historians are asking around to see if anyone has free ones to spare.

The armoury at the Tower of London said these long-obsolete weapons are hard to find, but it happened to have a couple of three-ton mortars dating from the Crimean War at Woollich Arsenal, similar to the 18th Century variety.

Edinburgh Castle dusted off two six-inch cannons it didn't need and these also have been installed at the Fort.

List of requirements for Fort George: two giant 13-inch mortars, a couple of six-pound guns and about 36 assorted cannons of 12, 18 and 24 pounds.

Has anyone any such relic gathering rust in their back yard?

If so, contact Mr. McIvor at Fort George, and oh yes! don't send the relic via air mail until you hear from him.

BIRTHDAY GREETINGS TAE ANY AND A' SCOTS

Here's tae the days that come and go
As days hae always done.
May they keep moving to and fro
From sun tae sun tae sun,
And may they bring what your heart yearns
Wi' mony wonderfu' returns.

Now here's tae a' days yet tae be.
May they be blessed wi' peace,
Wi' wealth o' health and joy care free.
And may guid times increase.
May a' the nights that crown your days
Refulgent be wi' Heaven's rays.

Lang may your lum reek I desire
And haggis charm your wame.
May ye hae a' that ye require.
May ye enjoy life's game.
Ye ken these thoughts are frae a mon
Wha'd live tae tak ye by the haun.

Sae here's a haun my Sonsie friend
Although ye ken me not.
I hope the fates a' guid things send
Because ye are a Scot.
Lang may your lum reek is my wish.
And may life's bounties heap your dish.

I want tae say I got this notion
Frae the Grand S.O.S. Scotian.

— Sterling LeR. Spicer.

SURPRISE! SURPRISE!

A friend got an anguished letter from her Scottish Parents the other day.

It seems they live in a small town about 30 miles outside Glasgow, and decided a while back to go into the big city for a gala weekend. They arrived on a Friday evening, spent the night in their hotel, and set out sightseeing on the Saturday morning.

A mystery bus tour caught their eye, so they paid a pound each and settled in their seats for a pleasant tour of the countryside. But their smiles got more and more forced as they got nearer and nearer to home, took a tour of their own home town, and got a free lunch, as part of the tour, at a pub two doors away from their house.

The neighbours are still talking about it.

HEALTHWISE

"YOU GOTTA HAVE HEART"

The festive season not only brings its message of cheer, it also heralds a demand upon the old ticker.

Parties and its accompanied gay abandonment; house visitations and the extra food intake; extension of best wishes and its late hour, all of which makes an additional tax on the efficiency of the heart.

Even with all this abuse, nature cooperates and attempts to warn the being to take things easy and prevent damage.

For instance, a sudden relapse of strength occurring in the limbs which leads to a helpless weakness is a sure indication that the heart is being slowed down by overstrain.

A slower paced heart pumps less blood and oxygen to the brain, thereby, creating a feeling of exhaustion.

If you take heed of this warning and slow down or even take an afternoon nap, then the heart should recover if this treatment is applied daily for a few weeks.

Ignoring it might be fatal!

Want another warning sign?

If, after periods of mental or physical effort you should feel sick or dizzy . . . you have been warned to take things easy in the future.

Working after a heavy meal will certainly cause a feeling of sickness because the heart always works better if the stomach isn't full.

When the brain isn't nourished with a proper flow of blood, dizziness will certainly occur. Should this happen then its best to lay down for a while.

When the heart is overstrained, it has a direct effect upon the circulation . . . the blood doesn't pass through the lungs as it should and the supply of oxygen to the other parts of the body is curtailed somewhat.

Circulation trouble will show up on the colour of the skin, giving it a greyish tinge, due to the surface vessels being neglected in their supply of oxygen. Again it must be emphasized that if you are so stricken then take it easy. Failure to do so might enlargen the heart, making it less able to cope.

Another indication of heart strain shows up in puffy ankles. See your doctor about this situation.

Sometimes to ease the strain on the heart we unconsciously hunch the left shoulder higher than the right one.

Pain doesn't usually accompany a tired heart, rather, it is a dull sensation of tiredness in the chest and a slight stiff ache.

Don't get too alarmed at palpitations, fluttering heart, racing pulse or constant yawning. Best antidote for such sufferings is earlier hours and a good tonic. Remember! if you've got good blood, you've got good health . . . sae here's a bluidy good health tae yin an' a'.

MAD-ADS

. . . Man wanted to trace gas leaks. Must be prepared to fly . . .

. . . Garlic manufacturer seeks salesman who prefers lonely life . . .

. . . Hospital requires specialist bonesetter. Right man will get the breaks . . .

"Sparks frae the Camp Fire"

District 16, Vancouver

September 23rd saw the final putt of the golfing season with a Cabaret Dance in the Scottish Auditorium. With forty golfers participating in golf, this past season can be proclaimed a success. Besides! not one game was rained out. The Club Championship was won by Tom Lennie of Glamis Camp, the Inter-Camp Trophy going to Heather Bell Camp. Other winners were J. Moyes, A. Robertson, A. Adam, R. Cruickshank and the Ladies Trophy winner . . . Evelyn Murray.

District 16 donated two trophies to the Gowfers — one for the Club Championship and the other a Memorial Trophy in memory of P.D. C. C. Wilson who in years past has taken a keen interest in golf.

Cribbage has now been amalgamated! We now peg away in the Norquay Hall with all teams playing together in the same room. In previous years, we cribbed in homes with only a portion of the league being able to get dealt in. A new trophy can be won in cribbage — donated by Nellie Patterson and the trophy will be titled in her name . . . the Patterson trophy.

An attendance of 340 persons at our Queen Elizabeth Ball earmarked another successful venture both socially and financially. Patronizing this ball were many members of Executive Board, Past District Chiefs and many Chiefs of sister camps. D.D. Chief Sims was Master of Ceremonies for the evening which featured the Highland Laddies Pipe Band and a Highland Dancing display by Drummer Gordon Anderson. We are very proud of our association with these youngsters.

A surprise visit by Johnny Forrest (Murray Camp #215) brought much entertainment to the evening when he played and sang a few songs.

May we wish everyone a very Merry Christmas and a Bright and Prosperous New Year.

Reporter: Nan Kelman.

Glengarry Camp #212, Vancouver, B.C.

At our September meeting, the Recording Secretary read some of the items from the "Claymore Paper" of April, 1946, which was brought to the Camp by Sister Alice Stevens. These were of interest to all and brought back memories of the past for quite a few.

Plans have been made for the Children Christmas Tree Party, which will be held in the downstairs room of the I.O.O.F. Hall on Friday, December 18th and for the Burns' Supper, Concert and Dance on Saturday, January 16th, 1971, in the Peterz Hall, 6184 Ash Street, with the supper at 7 p.m.

The November 13th meeting was celebrated as our 33rd Birthday and Past Chief's Night and P.C. Sister Emma Littler was given the gavel to preside for the evening. On this occasion we were honoured to have many guests which included P.G.C.'s and Executive Board Members, Brothers A. H. McDonald and John Melville with us.

Also at this meeting, the first 20 years of the history of the Camp was given in 5 years series book form, so the camp would have the highlights of the meetings in a condensed form. This was researched by Sister Isobel Thomson. One of the points referred to was that we have had only two treasurers since the start; the late Brother James Thomson for the first 15 years and P.C. Sister B. Cook for the last 18. This must be some sort of a record for any Camp across Canada. And congratulations were extended to Brother Alex Murray on his 16 years as Organizer.

The meeting was followed by refreshments, and the Birthday Cake was made and presented by P.C. Sister Pearl McPhee. The entertainment was supplied by Brother George Hudson (Glengarry) and Mr. and Mrs. James Cowe.

Glengarry would like at this time to wish all members across Canada the best for the Holiday Season and the very best for everyone for 1971.

Reporter: Isobel Thomson, Rec. Sec'y.

Murray Camp #215, Richmond, B.C.

Summer has only been over a couple of months and already we are thinking of Christmas and snow. But with these thoughts are also the fun and friendship of our winter activities. The Bowling League started in September and the curlers took to the ice in October. Murray Camp has teams participating in both these leagues and everyone is having a great time.

The golf season concluded Oct. 23 with a dance and presentation of trophies and awards. Congratulations to Murray Camp members Sis. Jane Ritchie, Bro. Roy Lawson and Bro. Campbell MacMillan for their "wins on the greens". "Congratulations" ? ? ? ? also to Bro. Tom Roberts for earning the "grouchers" mug.

Murray Camp is now two years old and we celebrated this happy event with a dance on Oct. 24 where the Members and friends had a great time dancing, sipping and snacking.

Oct. 28 was our Past Chiefs and Birthday Night with a good turnout of Members and Visitors from our Sister camps. We were especially thrilled on this night in so much as the Officers wore the new regalia for the first time. They were made more attractive by the jewels purchased and presented to Murray Camp by the Ladies Auxiliary. District Chief Sis. May Milne gave the Toast to the Association — splendid as usual — and also had some very kind words to say on our regalia which made the Officers and Members very proud to accept.

Among our visitors this night there was a special "hello" to Bro. F. Stott of Invergordon Camp, Montreal.

Reporter: Myrna Lawson.

Glamis Camp #210

Glamis Camp has completed a successful summer of fun and is continuing in the fall with curling and bowling.

Once again we have been able to retain a share of the Golf Trophies, with Bro. Tom Lennie winning the District 16 Championship, and Bros. Alec Adam and Bob Greig winning the Jessie J. Cabel Memorial Trophy and Dr. Nicholson Trophy respectively.

Past Chief Sis. Paris is now Pat Trottier, having said 'I do' to Bro. Fred in May and Bro. Jack Gordon was married in September.

Helping to swell the Glamis membership, Bro. and Sis. Buchanan gave birth to a boy, while Bro. and Sis. Cash had a baby girl.

In the Scottish tradition, Glamis Camp members are keen Lawn Bowlers and W. C. Jessie Lennie, Sis. Emma Walker, Bros. Charlie McFarlane, Bert Walker and Tom Lennie have been 'in the money' in their respective club and outside competitions.

Reporter: T. T. Lennie

Lord of the Isles #191, New Westminster, B.C.

Cribbage players from Lord of the Isles camp never seem to win much hardware but they always come first in enthusiasm and enjoyment. Effie Titterington is the cribbage captain and she does an excellent job of rounding up the members for games.

Two of our favourte players are shown in the snap . . . P.C. Bro. Robertson and Bro. David Cunningham enjoying a skunk!

The Ladies Auxiliary of our Camp keep busy and their latest event — a whist and tea night — was most enjoyable. It is an excellent opportunity for members to get to know one another better as the 'after meeting' affairs are too short. The Auxiliary do a fine job on whatever they tackle but they could use more helping hands — any willing ladies contact Betty Lyon.

Sorry to report a falling of attendance to camp visitations. Officers in particular are guilty in their absence to visiting sister camps. But the membership at large fall down in visitations. It cannot be looked upon so much as a duty but more as a pleasure. It is simply an opportunity of meeting fellow members and that surely is what our organization is all about.

"Merry Christmas and a Prosperous New Year to All" — from Lord of the Isles Camp.

Reporter: Joyce Kolibas.

Melrose Camp #126, Winnipeg, Man.

Look what they've done to my song, Ma! And you should have heard what they did to a lot of songs at the Melrose meeting that Tuesday evening October. It was the occasion of the All Camps Visitation to Melrose, and a group of amateur performers drawn from the various Camps in the District were presenting a centennial program — "A Century of Song."

The show got off to a roistering start with a barbershop quartet in straw boaters and bright ties melodiously (?) seeing Nellie (in Centennial costume) safely home; but you could have heard a pin drop when Brother Harry Davidson played the "Last Post" on his mouth organ during the World War I segment and "A Long, Long Trail". Merriment was restored by a properly dressed group from the Roaring Twenties — complete with ukelele — and a touch of nostalgia by songs from the Second World War. The guitar-playing son and daughter of Executive Board Member Bro. Logan typified the '60's with some modern "folk" music, and Sister Nancy Taylor, as narrator, tied the whole thing together and brought us back to 1970 — and our Manitoba Centennial Song.

Maybe the performers lacked that professional polish, but their enthusiasm was undeniable, and the audience of about 100 members thoroughly enjoyed themselves, singing along on a sentimental journey back through the years.

Yes, they certainly did a lot of things to a lot of songs, but it all made for another fun-filled night at Melrose.

Reporter: Fran Logan.

Winnipeg Notes

Our Ladies Camp kicked the season off with their social and dance on October 3rd, with around 180 people in attendance. Rob Roy Camp stole the scene next with their social and dance on October 17 — this too was a fine evening. The cribbagers held a social on November 21st, while the sweeping curlers iced a "Get Acquainted Dance" on November 28th at the Rockwood Legion.

Our District Ladies, in opposition to some inclement weather, brought a little sunshine to the Retarded Children's Workshop with the worthy returns of their Annual Coffee Party held October 31st. Congrats to Convener of this worthy cause — Pansy McCallum — Chief of the Ladies Camp.

The writer along with D.C. Bro. Milne and Chief W. Murray represented the S.O.S. on the joint committee for the Scottish Centennial Week. We are pleased to report a return of $1,100 to the treasury which, in turn, was donated to the Children's Hospital for the purchase of a portable cardiograph machine.

From November 4th to November 7th a first occurred in Winnipeg — it was the first time that an executive board meeting had been held west of Toronto.

During his visit to Winnipeg in the above mentioned period, our Grand Chief honoured several camps with his presence . . . Mearns Camp . . . District Camp . . . Lord Selkirk Camp's Centennial Banquet.

At the District meeting, Grand Chief Main was presented with a miniature buffalo mounted on a small slab of Tyndall stone shaped out to form the Province of Manitoba. He also received a framed life membership from the Past Chiefs Association.

"Operation 900" . . . gets your name on a ballot by recommending to membership in the S.O.S. You could win $200!

In closing, I should like to convey "Best Wishes for the Coming Season" to all in Winnipeg District. Also to those in other districts whom I have had the pleasure of meeting during my brief time on the board . . . my wife and I send our very best wishes and appreciation for the many courtesies extended to us.

Reporter: W. J. Higgins.

Camp Argyle, Ottawa

Further to the write-up of Bro. and Sis. Calderwood's Golden anniversary as given in the September issue of the Scotian, may I add that at the October 3rd reception the bridesmaid (Sis. Calderwood's sister) and the best man were in attendance. Framed letters were also received from the Governor-General, Premier Robarts, telegrams and letters from the Prime Minister and Mayor of Ottawa and numerous others. May the Calderwoods have many more anniversaries.

On October 24th another very pleasant and enjoyable evening was held at the Oddfellows Hall on the occasion of Bro. and Sis. McNaules 25th Wedding Anniversary.

Refreshments were served, then dancing to the Tartanaires Orchestra, three of whom are members of Camp Argyle #26. Sister McNaule is our Senior Marshal.

We wish them another 25 years of happiness.

Reporter: Mary McMinn.

Donald Robertson Camp #24

Toronto was indeed fortunate in November this year. The New York Ballet Co. came to the O'Keefe Centre and the Auchenshuggle Huff & Puff Society came to Donald Robertson, supported by The Broons frae Achnadrochit, and the Hudyerwheesht Repertory Company.

The Hudyerwheest Repertory Company opened the proceeding with the Tragedy of Cock Robin, with the leading role acted by that well-known dramatist and Shakespearian actor Handsome Harry Hackett, alias Harry Davidson.

The camp was indeed fortunate to view the premier of "Seterday Sanny" by the Broons frae Achnadrochit — alias Jean and Bill Brown.

The Huff and Puff Society rounded off the evening with a delightful performance of "Les Sylphides" with Anna Palova portrayed by "Twinkletoes" alias Cathy McLean and Rudolf Nurievski portrayed by that dashing devil-may-care sex symbol (his own description) the Premier danseur alias Alisdair Campbell. The Corps de Ballet was led by Madame Natasha — that cuddlesome sex kitten alias Dave Cathcart. Credit is also due to Irene Corbett who portrayed "Burlington Bertie"; also the suporting cast: Alex and Betty Mitchell, Sue Morphett, Anne Campbell, Phyllis Morewood, John Smith, Lenore McFadyen. Orchestration by that versatile virtuoso Walter McFadyen.

Special Reporter: Lenore McFadyen.

Toronto District

On Saturday, October 23rd, our Fall Dance was held in the North Toronto Memorial Arena where 200 members and friends enjoyed a very nice supper served by the Ladies and Dancing to Hugh Graci . . . appreciative thanks to all who helped throughout the evening.

On September 8th, 1970, Past District Chief Sis. Irene Hossack was presented with a District Chief's Bar to her P.C. Jewel by our Grand Chieftain John Burman. In his presentation he remarked that Irene was the first lady district Chief in Toronto and said how proud her father — the late Robert Hossack would have been of her achievement in the S.O.S. John also noted that Irene came in at a crucial time for the district but her work and ability brought forth good measure. Irene thanked Bro. Burman for his kind thoughts and words and also thanked members of the district for their co-operation during her three years in office.

Reporter: Anne Sinclair.

Robert Burns Camp #1, Toronto

September cam' aroond again an' Robert Burns Camp stairted the second hauf o' the year wi' a bang-up social evening.

There were mair than 130 fowk in the ha' when P.C. Bro. J. McPherson introduced eleven visiting chiefs o' the District Chiefs o' Hamilton an' Toronto.

Amang those present were oor Grand Chieftain John Burman and oor Grand Secy/Treas. Bob Bell an' lookin' aroon ah saw a few auld faces ah hidna seen in a lang time.

In October, the laddies were relegated tae the kitchen while the lassies took chairge o' baith the meetin' an' the entertainment . . . but listen whaur were ye all?

November 1st saw the passing o' one of our Past Chiefs — Bill Milne — who was Chief of Robert Burns Camp in 1936.

I met Bill recently at the Seaway Towers dressed in his kilt and tweed jacket and he said to me, "They're all in there wi' their silver buckles and velvet doublets, but that's no for plain folk like you and me Jock."

All I can add is that the Sons of Scotland could use a lot more plain folk like you Bill.

An' finally tae a' oor auld members stitin' at hame wonderin' hoo things are gaun, jist remember ye're aye welcome tae 'oor hoose at Robert Burns.

Reporter: Jock o' Hazeldean.

Strathmore Camp #40, Toronto

Thanks! to all members of the Toronto District and members of Strathmore Camp in attending our Dance in October . . . we sure had a good time! Special thanks are extended to Sisters M. Burke, B. Ross, I. Grey and Bro. A. Hunter for organizing this event so succesfully. We at Strathmore look forward to next October for a repeat night's enjoyment. Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

Reporter: Ed Burke.

"ROYAL SCOT'S 75TH ANNIVERSARY"

The night of October 14 will certainly remain in my mind as one of the outstanding Sons of Scotland nights for some little time. It was of course, the 75th Anniversary of the oldest camp in our district, Royal Scot.

A lot of planning was put into the evening and it certainly paid off. The dinner was excellent, hot and plenty of it; the speeches were in a class by themselves and the entertainment was out of this world. Bro. Don Murray, who originally hailed from Winnipeg, and is now a member of Lord of the Isles Camp, really outdid himself that evening in the rendition of many favorite Scottish songs. Top honors for the speeches that night had to go to District Chief Sister May Milne who gave an exceptional address to the association. I don't believe she has a written copy of her remarks as she simply stood there and spoke from the heart, and received an ovation at the conclusion.

She likened the Association to a lamp, having in mind the lighthouses shining from the coast of her native Scotland during her childhood. The base of the lamp was the staunch beginnings of the association laid down by members who have now gone. The rest of the lamp was made up of the executive board, the individual camps, and members, and of course the light shining was the indication of the fraternalism and fellowship we can enjoy in our association.

The night was not over however, and we heard from Grand Secretary Treasurer Bro. Bob Bell and Worthy Grand Chief Bro. Chris Main. The Worthy Grand Chief, as well as the executive board is very concerned about the decline of the association but feels that if each and every member will do his part in bringing members back or bringing in new members we can once again get on top. If you have any suggestions let your executive board know.

The business part of the meeting was done in 1895 ritual style and it was very nice indeed. (Some of today's impatient members would have had a turn had they been present at that style of meeting and wanting to save time as well)! It would have been an inspiration for any younger members to have attended that night. After such a night one cannot help but feel there is hope for the association and that whatever valleys me may be going through at the present time we surely must climb to the top of another hill soon. All it takes surely is a clasping of hands and a sincere welcome to all comers.

To one and all at Head Office and to sister camps across the nation — MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR from Lord of the Isles Camp New Westminster, B.C.

Reporter: Joyce M. Kolibas.

Earl Haig Camp #151, Toronto

Several members of Earl Haig have visited the old country this year, my wife and I included. Quite naturally the talk at our last meeting dwelt upon Scotland, and it appears everyone had a good time.

The pleasure is over for a short time and it's back to the task of our fall and winter work.

I ask the members of our camp to attend meetings. We have a new operation called 'Operation 900' where any member can win 200 . . . 100 . . . 50 . . . dollars. How? Come to meeting and find out!

Your social committee have a nice program arranged for your enjoyment and if you come — don't hesitate to bring along any friend.

We mourn for members who have passed on to be with the Great Grand Chief and our sympathy goes out to their families.

To one and all . . . SEASONS GREETINGS.

Reporter: William Baxter.

Stirling Castle Camp #59, St. Thomas, Ont.

Members gathered at the home of Worthy Chief Sis. Ball for the first meeting after the summer vacations. Some of our members enjoyed the hospitality of relatives and friends during their trips to Scotland and after the business meeting told about their travels and sight-seeing tours.

Sis. Chrissie Neill and her husband celebrated their 50th Wedding anniversary and were presented with a cheque from the camp with best wishes and congratulations.

Bro. and Sis. Semple were hosts at an open house for the happy couple and an invitation was extended to the members to attend. A family dinner was held at Sheridan's Steak House.

Arrangements have been made to hold the annual Christmas supper at the Y.M.C.A. when door prizes and exchange of gifts will be part of the programme.

After the "Scotian" has been well read, it is mailed to Scotland where it is thoroughly enjoyed.

Reporter: Jean Rae.

Invergordon Camp #181, Montreal

The Fall programme started off with our Barn Dance. It was very poorly attended and we incurred quite a sizeable loss. We are not giving up on this event but we are giving serious consideration to a change of date and location to try to create more interest in it. By contrast our Fall Cribbage was well attended. Chieftain Bro. Jack Greenan was the high man for Invergordon with our Jr. Guard Bro. Eric Moffat very close behind. Our forthcoming St. Andrews Dinner Dance is creating great interest and it would appear that we will have a good attendance. We will have three prominent members of our association as our guests Grand Sec. Treas. Bro. Bob Bell, Past Grand Chief Bro. Alex Mearns and Montreal District Chief and Executive Board Member Bro. Bill Grundie. There is every indication that there will be even more kilts and formal wear in evidence this year.

Recently, for after meeting entertainment we have had a World Cup Soccer film and a return of our horse racing game. We are constantly on the search for new forms of after meeting entertainment and should anyone have any suggestions I would be happy if they would pass them on to me through The Scotian.

We are happy to welcome back to the camp Bro. John Calderwood after his stomach operation and I would like to pass on the best wishes of the camp to Bro Frank George who is now home from hospital and making progress after suffering a stroke back in May. P.C. Bro. George Langley suffered a relapse when he received a doctors bill for $100.00 for the repairs to the wrist he broke at the district picnic.

We were happy to welcome Doug. Wilson into our camp at the October meeting. Once again I would make an appeal to the men of Invergordon to make a concentrated effort to bring in new members. One a month is not nearly enough.

Reporter: C. D. Kerr.

NOTICES

CAMP LOCHIEL #52,
NIAGARA FALLS

BURNS' SUPPER AND DANCE

at

LADY OF PEACE HALL,
STANLEY ST., NIAGARA FALLS

SATURDAY, JANUARY 30th, 1971

6:00 P.M.

TICKETS — $4.00 per person

WINNIPEG DISTRICT

ANNUAL BURNS DINNER
& DANCE

on

January 23rd, 1971

at

Fort Garry Hotel

Music by Andy Pattersons Band
Immortal Memory to be given by
Dr. McBeth

TORONTO DISTRICT

ANNUAL BURNS SUPPER

at

SEAWAY TOWERS

Saturday, January 23rd, 1971

Speaker — Tom Rennie
Nicol Brown's Orchestra
Tickets — $6.50 each

Tickets and Room Reservation may be had from your camp delegate or . . . telephone 421-6060

POSTES CANADA POSTAGE
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No. 13
WESTON, ONT.

It's A Scottish Fact

. . . that Scotland's largest forest is Glen Trool forest in the Galloway Highlands.
. . . that the famous Abernathy biscuit was named after a doctor.
. . . that the three most common names in Scotland are Smith . . . MacDonald . . . Brown.
. . . that Moses and the Burning Bush inspired the motto of the Church of Scotland.
. . . that the oldest regiment in The British Army is the Royal Scots — founded in 1633.
. . . that by an old law the esplanade at Edinburgh Castle belongs to Nova Scotia.
. . . that the highest main road in Scotland is the road from Blairgowrie to Braemar over the Devil's Elbow and the Cairnwell Pass. It reaches 2199 feet above sea level.
. . . that the coldest place in Britain is Braemar which records an average temperature of 43.7 degrees F.
. . . that the oldest house in Glasgow is Provand's Lordship in Cathedral Square.
. . . that the smallest church in Scotland is St. Margaret's Chapel in Edinburgh Castle.

Is This Issue Correctly Addressed?

If not, please fill in and mail to
Sons of Scotland Ben. Association
19 Richmond St. West,
Toronto 105, Ont., Canada

Name .....

Camp .....

No. .....

New Address .....

.....
City Zone Apt. No.

.....
Prov. or State Country

Old Address .....

.....

First of 4 parts

TERRACIN' TAWK

wi' ECKIE an' WULL

"Ye've fairly been a bit o' a laggie in gettin' doon tae the grund t'day Wull! I cawed aroon at yer hoose an' yer wife said ye'd a'ready taken aff furr the gemme. Here I am a guid ten meenits oan the terracin' afore ye."

"Och! Eckie, ah drapt doon tae the High street an' pet ma oarder furr ma New Year's Day steak pie. Canna leave it late, ye kane! Efter a', New Year's day iz jist six days awa'."

"Wull! mind me efter the gemme tae reserve wan tae! Mony fowk prefer a turkey or goose, or sic ither bird at this time o' the year but oor faimilie'll naw setle furr onythin' but a rich steak pie an' chappit tatties."

"New Year's Day an' steak pie gaun haund in haund jist like fireside readin' an' Burns' poems. D'ye notice hoo Burns books get weel read in January. He seems tae capture a consolin' spirit which comforts us oan a winter's evening an' when ye think o' it "The Cottars Saturday Night" suroonds the ingle atmosphere sae completely."

"Fair fa' yer honest sonsie face! Wunner whit Burns wad compose tae coincide wi' the Rovers playin's?"

"Nay dood aboot it Eckie — he wad caw them Great Chieftains o' the Puddin' Race furr shair, especially hoo they skittered aroon at the beginnin' o' the season. But they're a wee bit abune them a' richt noo an' ah'm fair lookin' forrad tae the derby gemme wi' East Fife oan N'Year's day."

"When are ye lowsin' aff wurk Wull?"

"Ah'm gey pleased this year furr we hiv a lang week-end frae Auld years day tae Tuesday moarnin'."

"Ye shid be weel rested up furr gaun doon the pits."

"Aye! whit gauns up must cum doon an' that's jist whit Celtic's da'en the noo. Up an' doon like a see-saw. They're chengin' their team sae muckle its gettin' tae be like a Paul Jones dance — naebady can figure wha their next pairtner's gaun tae be. Indecision seems tae be in evidence an' them wi' sic guid individuals as Connelly . . . Macari . . . an' Hay . . . a' newcomers!"

"Disna it mind ye o' Jimmy McGrory's managerial days? There's too muckle emphasis on tryin' tae maintain a Celtic style remeniscent o' the team which wun the European Cup. But Wull! that's in the past an' the gemme iz changin' day by day."

"Besides that! they're gettin' beaten a lot by teams wha can truthfully be classed as third-rate teams. Wanna hear ma New Year's prediction . . . hear it onywey . . . Celtic's gonna hiv a doonfa'."

"Dinna haver Eck! Ye've been bummin' yer load aboot Celtic's doonfa' furr the past twa years — an' wha cums oot oan tap . . . Celtic."

"Mark ma wurds. Tak' a look back at whit Rangers did tae them in the League Cup final! It cud be the turnin' p'int o' Rangers an' a backslide furr Celtic. Aberdeen iz richt oan Celtic's tail an' they're nae sma' fish either. Tell ye whit ah feel in ma banes tho' that the 'Gers iz ripe furr a real upswing. They've sum braw dandies in the reserves. Yon Miller laddie hiz a future wi' Rangers an' micht be their next leader. An' this McLoy iz improvin' every Seteurday."

"Ma guidness whit a dreamer! Aboot the oanly improvement that Scottish fitba can create iz the amalgamation of sum clubs. As ye richtly kane, Clyde an' Hamilton tried tae dae this. Look intae oor ain back-yaird in Fife. Dae ye naw think it's awfu' defeatin' tae hae faur senior clubs in sic a sma' area? Same applies tae Edinburgh wi' Herts an' Hibs, an' Dundee. Ah guess Stirlingshire haz the same problem an' Glesga teams shid be thinned oot. Nae dood, the biggest contradiction will cam frae the fans."

"Ye micht be richt at that. Look at whit cud possibly happen next season if Dunfermline an' Cowdenbeath get relegated. If ah micht add an opinion — a major league wad eliminate a' this transferrin' doon sooth o' Scottish players. Tak' Hibs — they shad be contenders, insteed, they're in pocket 300,000 poons furr players like Stein, Marinello, Cormack."

"Gie them credit Eckie — the Hibs hiv pet oot hauf o' that transfer money tae improve their team. Didna they buy five new players in Graham — Schaedler — Black — Duncan — Blair. Smairtest move they've made so faur iz signing Joe McBride oan their books. He hiz the uncanny nack o' being oan the richt spoat tae score goals."

"Cum tae think o' it, ah thocht Tommy McLean o' Killie wad hiv been transferred bynoo . . . mebbe tae Rangers. See the teams cumin' oot the tunnel . . . the grund disna look too bad efter a'. When ah keekit oot the windie this moarn there waz rime a' ower the roof taps. Dearie me! ah thocht, the grunds gaun tae be frozen an' we'll be in furr a dittherin' type o' gemme. Gled tae see it's naw gaun tae be sae bad."

"Seein' the captains gaun up furr the toss-up brings tae mind Airdrie's win in the Texaco Cup by scorin' the maist penalty kicks. Like that idea, its muckle better than a stupid toss-up o' the coin tae decide a wunner."

"Sort o' tossin' oot the toss-up."

"Say Eckie, ye no' gettin' that Celtic lang-play record are ye?"

"Ah've been thinkin' aboot it. In fact, a cronie o' mine at wurk waz tellin' me that it's B.B.C. commentaries oan the Celts greatest gemmes. Even the Hampden Roar is oan it."

"Mebbe the Rovers shid buy the record jist furr the roar . . . they cud use it oor the P.A. system to gie the park sum atmosphere."

"Ne'er ye mind! Let's cheer oan the Rovers wi' oor talented voices . . . CUM-AWA! YE THRAWN WEE BLUE DEEVILS!"

THE

Scotian

Official Organ of the Sons of Scotland Benevolent Association

Volume 5, No. 2 TORONTO, DECEMBER 1970 Winter Edition

Overture of Christmas Joy!

**"GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST,
AND ON EARTH PEACE,
GOODWILL TOWARD MEN . . . "**

Let us dwell upon the words of adoration contained in THE SONG OF BETHLEHEM. It is "Gloria in Excelsis" in its role of conclusion to the Overture of Christmas Joy. Written in the form of deep appreciation for the Advent, it also formulated a way of praise that would, in the future, be synonymous with Christmas spirits and Christmas Carol.
Excelsis" in its role of conclusion to the Overture of

The MAGNIFICAT song re-appears from a silent spring to introduce the Christmas Overture. And in its performance comes the song of praise as sung by the Virgin Mary before Christ was born. Full title of the Magnificat extends to — Magnificat Anima Mea Dominum — "My soul magnifies the Lord."

Songs, it can be said, magnify the Lord within the volume of our souls.

Songs climatize the Christmas atmosphere with a proper mode of spiritual sentiments.

"Silent Night . . . "

This songs tells a story of a still winter evening sky unobliterated by human corruption. A virgin sky to prepare our moods for Christmas sincerity. Herein, the musical notes portray the role of adjectives that describe the accompanied words to that of a shower of peace about to float down upon the awaiting earth.

"O Come All Ye Faithful . . . "

The Advent is announced! Stir up your hearts with confidence. Come all ye faithful . . . sing! for when we sing we express JOY to the world.

"Hark The Herald Angels Sing . . . "

Why within the clouds of our imagination do we interpret the communication of angels to be that of song? Isn't it an imaginative fact that song cultures a picture message? Stories become more vivid with a background of character musical tones. Likewise with hymns — aren't they simply musical prayers?

"It Came Upon A Midnight Clear . . . "

No one is truly alone beneath the musical canopy. At no time is this world ever without the concerto of life that images our mind with beautiful and comforting musical sounds. The musical canopy lulls our cares into a secure comfort with peace of mind — surely! humanity's most wise state.

"O Little Town of Bethlehem . . . "

No song is without its internal meaning . . . it photographs, engraves, prints emotions from its melodious tones. Think upon how difficult a task it is to display temper of ill-feeling by a song rendition.

"Away In A Manger . . . "

How clearly does the conscious lens focus the Christmas Scene upon the mind screen from this Martin Luther tribute to the Birth of Christ. Music plays a natural function to the act of birth. No greater bar of music could out-compose a baby's first cry . . . this note of assurance to the mother becomes her most unforgetable note of joy . . . it denotes the beginning of a new life of God's creation.

"Gloria In Excelsis . . . "

The music and songs of Christmas elevate our spirits to a level of overflowing joy. In such an aspect, can it not be said that the melody of Christmas transposes itself into that of an International Language — understood and felt by all nations and all peoples.

Possibly then, in the Overture of Christmas Joy we are unified to share Christmas emotion towards "Peace on Earth" — the eternal hope of the human race.

Sing along with Christmas . . .
Share its happiness . . .

Christmas will then have a richer meaning but we first must take time to listen to its melody.

"BLIADHNA MHATH UR, AGUS MORAN DIUGH"

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19 RICHMOND ST. W.
TORONTO 1, ONTARIO

SCORE AS AT NOV. 20TH
— 121 —

HEAD OFFICE MEMOS:

There is no doubts these are hard times and a look at the future shows little promise of better. Some of our members — for various reasons — at times have been hard pressed to pay their bills — and that includes their S.O.S. premiums. As you know each year we add a bonus on your policy. The cash value of these bonuses can be used to pay your premiums. A letter to Head Office is all that is necessary to have this looked after for you.

* * *

We would like to have a picture of the Waverley Camp female member when she went to pay the delivery boy for the fish and chip order for October meeting. The boy turned out to be former Argonaut football star 'Dick Shatto' who owns a number of the stores locally.

Bellahouston Camp #6, Toronto

Congratulations to Sister Patricia McLean of Bellahouston Camp and Brother Garry Baxter of Earl Haig Camp on their recent marriage.

Our Fall Dance was held in November in Fairbank Legion Hall, and although slow in getting off the ground turned out into a real enjoyable evening. Our November meeting also finished off with dancing to the incomparable music of Jimmy Reid.

On behalf of the Officers and members of Bellahouston Camp #6 to all members of Sons of Scotland and readers of "The Scotian" a very Merry Christmas, and a Healthy Happy New Year.
Reporter: Stella Sheridan.

WE AIN'T

"Lord we ain't what we want to be, we ain't what we ought to be and we ain't what we're gonna be — but we praise Thee Lord, we ain't what we used to be."

CLOSING DATE
for items for March Issue
MARCH 1st, 1971

CHRISTMAS MESSAGE FROM GRAND CHIEF CHRIS R. MAIN

Once again a year is drawing to a close, a year in which we have seen many changes in our nation, and in the overall picture of fraternal organizations.

All organizations such as ours are suffering from the insecurity of the times, and in a comparative study, we have not fared as badly as most in the percentage figures of attendance and acquisition.

Regardless of this we still cannot feel good when we note the lack of attendance at our meetings, and while the meetings seem to suffer, most of our social activities seem to flourish.

Since March when I paid my official visit to the Montreal District we have made a number of moves to formulate new incentives for the members. During this period I have had the opportunity of visiting other Districts, and now find that in the majority of cases most members have taken up the challenge, and are working wholeheartedly towards a successful Operation 900.

There are of course some areas in which the enthusiasm is not what we had hoped for, but we are sure that before the completion of all our aspirations every member will be involved to the fullest of their capabilities.

The more I look into fraternal and insurance societies, the more I become convinced that our Association ranks at the top in its class.

We are entering a new decade, let us hope that it is a decade of change for the better for all fraternals, for in the community they have performed an essential function, and are still necessary for the well being of us all.

Let me express to all of you my sincere best wishes for a prosperous 1971, for yourselves and for our Association.

"BLIADHNA MHATH UR,
AGUS MORAN DIUGH"

Explanation of above . . .
— "A GOOD NEW YEAR AND MANY OF THEM" —

pronounced: —
— "Bleea-na va oor, aggus morran joo" —

CELEBRATING MANITOBA'S CENTENNIAL

While attending the recent Executive Board meeting in Winnipeg, members of the Board took time off to help celebrate Manitoba's Centennial along with the Officers and Members of Lord Selkirk Camp #200.

In keeping with the event, many of our lady members donned costumes suitable to the occasion, some of whom are seen here along with Worthy Grand Chief Bro. Chris Main.

From left to right, our picture shows Sisters Mamie Binnie and Ellen Collier of Camp St. Andrew, Linda Latimer, Mearns Camp, Hilda Higgins, Camp Cock o' the North, Grand Chief Bro. Main, Sisters Grace Miller, Lord Selkirk Camp, Gertrude Stewart, Camp St. Andrew and Jean Orr, Mearns Camp.

Dunedin Camp #5

Officers and members extend to Mary and Worthy Chief John Peden, their sincere sympathy in the loss of their loved ones. Mary's mother passed away in Scotland just a few weeks after she returned from spending a holiday with Mary and John and their family. John also lost an uncle in the old country so to both Mary and John our sincere thoughts with you both at this time.

Congratulations go to Effie and Bob MacFie on their recent wedding.

Our October meeting was enjoyed by everyone who was present. Films were shown by Past Chief Brother Noble and Past Chief Brother Adam, the slides and movies were films taken while on holiday. Brother Adam to the West Coast, Brother Noble his trip to Wales and Scotland. We had a good turnout of the various Camps. We hope to have another of these nights in the near future.

Dunedin Hogmany Dance to be held in the North Toronto Memorial Arena, 180 Eglinton Avenue West with Al Gardner's Orchestra. Tickets $5.50 each can be had from any member of Dunedin Camp or phone Worthy Chief Brother Peden 284-4104 or Brother Tom Adam 444-2131 for tickets.
Reporter: May Adam

Memories of My Street . . .

My first memory of "my street" is that of the whole street deserted, the blinds drawn at the windows in order that Sunday might be observed in dignity.

Weekdays brought life to "the Street" with the crowding of it of boys and girls busily and noisily engaged in football, cricket, French and English, Cuddy-can-ye loup and Rounders. For the more passive there were many earnest encounters on the "paldie beds" neatly marked out in chalk on the pavement and roadway.

Families in those days were large and there was no other place for us children to play, so we used our street to the utmost and yet accidents, including broken windows, were the exception rather than the rule.

Social Stratum

In my young mind, the street was quite clearly divided into two parts, the top and the bottom — and even then class distinction seemed evident for we all thought our half of the street much superior in every way to that of the top half. Continuing this theme, the streets on either side of us were also similarly classified, one was quite definely 'lower' than us whilst the other was a bit better class than us, probably because it had more houses with front gardens than our street.

The houses themselves seemed to differ in each block. Some were two compartments, with no kitchen accommodation, simply a sink in the front room and, of course, an outside toilet shared by several families.

Other houses again had three rooms with kitchen and bathroom and of course, those were considered to be the best, as were the fortunate people who lived in them. Cleanliness was the order of the day and each mother vied with her neighbour in keeping everything clean and hanging out the whitest wash — made white by hard work in the outside washhouse with its wooden wash tubs and small coal-fed boilers.

These wooden wash-tubs also served as baths for us children and I can still feel the thrill of anticipation that I used to get at holiday time when the fire was lit in the boiler, the curtain drawn in the washhouse and we were scrubbed clean for our annual week's holiday.

Gas lighting in the homes was more common than electricity as were the long ranges that did duty for heating the home and for the cooking of meals. Friday was the accepted day for the cleaning of these monsters and they were scraped, polished until they shone. Friday was also the day in our house to clean out "the family drawer". A chore that entailed among things to polish the family cutlery with fine emery cloth until it glistened like silver.

What of the people themselves? All were decent, hard working men and women, with a sense of values sadly lacking today. Home and family came first. Money always seemed scarce but there was always enough to go around. Store dividend time brought a bonus to our finances, resulting in something new to wear.

Sweeps were part of the daily street scent. He was always, to the childhood eye, black as soot and everywhere he went he left behind that distinct aroma that soot has.

Tradesmen

Each had a certain day to call on the street. There was the fish-man with his basket whose delicacy featured fish cakes. There was also a real fish-wife, in fisher clothes, straining at her basket carried by a strap slung over her forehead to the basket on her back. She had a distinctive call announcing her service . . . Fresh Fish! Mackerel . . . Cod . . . Lemon Sole . . . Smokies!

Mornings belonged to the milkmen and several called upon our street with their horse-drawn carts. The milk being carried in churns and dispensed creamy and frothing into jugs carried by the purchaser. They also sold fresh eggs and freshly churned butter along with farm house scones.

There was also a traveller who came down our street every Saturday morning carrying two large cases filled to capacity with gaily coloured linens and drapery which he would spread on the doorstep.

Still echoing within the chamber of my memory is the singing call of the coalman with . . . Kewl! Kewl! Kewl!

Street Entertainers

No one ridiculed the street entertainers who were much to the fore in these days. They ranged from single turns to groups of up to a dozen people, all of whom, to our eyes, appeared as stars of show business. Several appeared regularly to perform at the same time on the same day each week.

One very persistent memory of such a regular, recalls his nickname to that of "Mavis" in reference to the song which he always sang. He would perform this most appealingly in the street, or to the more favoured clients, from the backgardens of the houses.

The larger groups were less frequent visitors. Among their number were usually an accordionist, singers, tap dancers and comedy turns. They always performed on the roadway and attracted a large audience. All of these folks used to take up a collection then move on further up the street to give another performance. They did their best business entertaining the "picture queques" on a Saturday night.

There was also the barrel organ, complete with monkey perched on the shoulder of the grinder. Some of the monkeys were quite adept in accepting the collection which held our eyes in fascination.

Sweetie Shops

The street had a number of small shops which were, in varying degrees veritable storehouses of everything that was good. The largest sold sweets, tobacco, clay pipes, drapery, ice cream, cold meats etc. and had a most distinctive and attractive aroma. It was also the focal point for street news and seldom did one make a purchase without gaining some news about something or somebody.

A smaller shop situated near the bottom of the street was ruled by a seemingly stern old lady who didn't seem to like small boys too much and indeed would refuse to serve them if she thought they were up to something. I can remember a craze which incurred the use of pea shooters. Ammunition for such warfare came in the use of barley. But this old lady refused to sell us this ammo on the grounds it was a waste of good food.

Saturday morning became known as ash-bucket day on our street — a chore we had to do. Ash bucket was of course a box which received the ash residue from the kitchen fire along with unburnable articles.

Enterprising boys filtered the ash-buckets to retrieve any metals which could be sold to the scrap merchants. Iron bedsteads brought a good return and were soon grabbed when put out on the street on ash-bucket day.

In the long lazy days of summer every boy would be out with his "gird" generally a disused motor tyre but if you were really well off, a purposely made iron hoop complete with handle would be your proud possession. Momentum was gained upon the tyre-type "gird" by the use of a stick which was also used to steer the girds direction.

Looking back, it seemed a happy childhood with the street the centre of almost everything.

We belonged to the street; it served as an environment to culture our pleasures, pains, escapades, ambitions, dreams, social activity and our moments of logic development. Familiarity of surroundings comforted a sense of security to our living and in many ways its personality influ-enjoyments it sponsored.

And we became better beings from the enjoyments it sponsored.

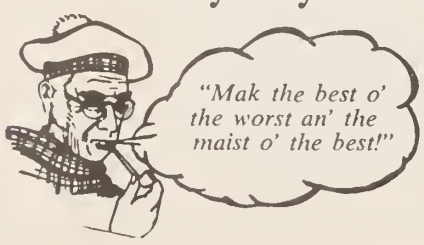
Am Bheil Gaidhlig Agad?

LURACH (loor-aCH), attractive.
UBRAID (oob-rij), racket, confusion.
THIG! (heek), come!
SUIM (soo-eem), heed, respect.
BEATHA (beh-ha), life, welcome.
IONNSAICH! (yoons-eeCh), learn.
COIMHEAD! (koy-ad), look!
AINM (en-um), name.
IOMADH (eem-a), many.
ATHARRAACHADH (ar-raCh-uGH), change.
SUNND (soond), joy, cheerfulness.
DHACHAIDH (GHaCH-ay), homewards.
CABHAGACH (caf-ag-aCH), in a hurry.
GILLEASBUIG (geel-es-big), Archibald.
BIORACH (beer-aCH), pointed.
TOIL (tol), desire.
LAIDIONN (la-jan), Latin.
BEAN UASAL (ben-oo-as-al), lady.
CO THA AN SIN? Who is there?
CLACHAIR (klaCH-ir), mason.
SGITHEANACH (skee-an-aCH), Skyeman.
ILEACH (ee-laCH), Islayman.
FALLAIN (fal-ayn), healthy.
SEALLADH (shall-uGH), view, sight.
FOGHAR (fOur), autumn, harvest.
MOTHAICH! (mo-eeCH), perceive! feel!
COIGREACH (kOeeg-raCH), foreigner.
GOIRT (gorst), painful, sore.
A MHAIN (a van), only.
TEANN (cha-oon), tight.
BRUTHAINNEACH (broo-hin-yaCH), sultry.
GU DEARBH (jer-uv), indeed.
FARPUISEACH (far-push-aCH), competitor.
UILE (oola), all.
TOGAIL (tOk-al), building.
SEAN (shen), old.
CO DHIUBH (kO yoo), Which of them.
TEAS (chayss), heat.
AN DA CHUID (Chooj), both.
DIULT! (joolt), refuse!
COBHAIR (k)-er), help!
NEACH SAM BITH (nyeCh sam be), anyone at all.
BREITHEAMH (bray-uv), judge, umpire.
RIS, with.
CEUD (kayd), first.
BEARTACH (byarst-aCH), rich.
FIALAIDH (feeal-ee), generous.

Another Greatest for Scotland

Europe's largest steam generator is newly completed at the power-station on Longannet, Fife at a cost of £100 millions. The chimney is 600′ tall and cost £1 million and can be seen for many miles along the upper reaches of the Firth of Forth.

Auld Sandy Says —



FIVE YEARS IN THE LIFE OF . . .
"a grain of wheat"

1881 — A Fife farm worker packed his belongings to venture to the wealth potential of America. Before he left his Scottish abode he carefully placed in his purse a single head of wheat, the yield of a single grain planted that Scottish summer. Upon his arrival in Minnesota he planted the wheat in a clearance adjoining his cabin. With a tender care applied, he saw the wheat ripen to harvest 22 stalks with 560 grains.

1882 — The 560 grains were sowed which reaped a harvest of one-fifth bushel.

1883 — Again he sowed all his harvest (one-fifth bushel) which produced a gain of 17 bushels.

1884 — All of the 17 bushels were sown and the harvest of that year amassed 17 acres of the finest wheat Minnesota had ever seen.

1885 — Capital-gains had been met! He sowed 100 bushels and sent four wagons of wheat to market — enough to supply many thousands of homes with flour.

Five years in the life of a grain of wheat was the impending result of Minnesota becoming the granary of America's wheat growing foundation.

There must be a moral to it all! Can it not be that if we plant the seed of goodness . . . tend it with a sincere care . . . that it too will multiply into a harvest of spiritual richness?

"PENNY POST"

Stamps . . . Christmas cards . . . Overseas parcels . . . Mail deliveries — these are very much the daily concerns of every household during the month of December.

Have you ever dwelt upon the anxieties of the first postal services?

It isn't commonly known but Edinburgh was one of the world's first to put local postal services into effect.

Under the title of "penny post" this was begun in the year 1776.

Postage was paid for by the person receiving mail. If the receiver couldn't pay — they didn't get the letter (how convenient! especially if a bill was presented).

Cost of sending letters depended on the number of sheets of paper sent.

At one time a person could be mailed, provided, one was properly stamped and labelled (wonder what happened if the label was lost in transit?)

The "Penny Stamp" began the modern postal services in 1840. The first gummed stamps were produced by a Dundee printer — James Chalmers.

A ROYAL FLUSH

It finally happened to the Queen!

During the fall of 1970, at Aberdeen, Scotland, as the Queen mingled with the crowd, she came face to face with Mrs. Chris Mair who was dressed in an identical outfit as the Queen.

Embarrassed?

If so, it didn't appear upon her facial features but she must have thought . . . "This could only have happened in Scotland, in Aberdeen, where there is always something fishy going on anyway."

THE MYSTERIOUS THINGAMYJIG

Our Irish neighbours claim all copyrights towards Leprechons and their superstitious activity. Not to be outdone by such phantom influence, we Scots have applied our own particular mysterious being . . . it is called a THINGAMYJIG!

Noo! dinna think that a Thinkamyjig is a Scottish dance, rather, its a . . . ye kane! . . . a ? . . . a thingamyjig!

Not to complicate things but a Thingamyjig can be abbreviated into Thingme. However, the mystery as to its belonging hasn't been unfolded. For instance, where can it be found? In the thingamy! Weel! we're getting close aren't we.

Thingamyjigs are quite pliable and can assume many shapes and forms.

Should you be seated at the Scottish denner-table, a request may be extended to you — "to pass the Thingamyjig". Here is the true test of any Scot — without any hesitation the thingamyjig will be passed.

Thingamyjigs! the Scottish sweet mystery of life, how we adore its use. It ranks number one when a lapse of memory requires it's name to be applied to an unnamed object. Directionally, its always in the thingamy. How comforting to rely on the word thingamyjig when describing becomes an embarrassment to the momentarily excited orator.

THINGAMYJIGS

Yes! they can be sold! From the above photo taken in the main shopping area of Ayr we have proved that a Thingamyjig can be bought, borrowed or perhaps even begged.

Have we unsolved its presence?

Could you be of positive mind in its ownership? Democracy never is more purer with title to the use of the word thingamyjig . . . it must always be given to a Scot or such person who has knowledgeable gain of its application.

Mystery? Yes! And it is never more obvious than when one is sent oot tae the thingamyjig, tae get the thingamyjig, sae that maither can use the thingamyjig, tae thingamyjig the denner.

A last word of warning . . . Never! Never! Never! ask a Scot "How His THINGAMYJIG is?" You'll probably land up a THINGME IN A THINGAMAJIG.

CLAN PRIDE

Are You a GRAHAM?
or a
Bonnar . . . Grahame . . . (Montrose Septs) Airth . . . Allardyce . . . Blair . . . Bontein . . . Bontine . . . Buntain . . . Bunting . . . Hadden . . . Haldane . . . MacGibbon . . . MacGilvernock . . . MacGrime . . . Menteith . . . Monteith . . . Pye . . . Pyott (Menteith Septs)

Then whether you travel the Montrose path or via the Menteith road, you have just cause in holding the head high in esteem. Clan Graham, throughout their 800-year residence in Scotland, have envisioned their image with wisdom upon all their undertakings. No clan has endeared themselves more towards Scotland's cause nor committed their loyalty more patriotically.

Generating from the Graham clan has matured two of the three greatest commanders of Highland clansmen . . . the Great Montrose and Bonnie Dundee.

In a way, we, as faithful endorsers of tartan wear, are quite indebted to a Graham for such privilege. Due to the Third Duke of Montrose's successful repeal of the statutes against Highland Dress we can walk freely, and with personal pride, in the dress of our Highland forefathers.

Of a more recent date, a reference can be directed to the late Duke of Montrose who became the leader of the Home Rule movment in Scotland. He is also credited with being the inventer and designer of the first aircraft carrier, in the first world war.

Turning the clock back to the time of the 12th Century we get a first insight as to how this famous clan emerged.

Believed to be of Anglo-Saxon aristocracy the Graham name derived from the lordship of an English manor under the title of "Grey Home." Domesday Book refers to the origin as Graegham while in the gaelic tongue all Grahams are known as "Greumach."

Scottish officialdom points out their presence in Scotland under the reign of King David I. According to the records David I granted Lothian lands of Abercorn and Dalkeith to a William De Graham.

Two generations later a grandson of William — Sir David De Graham — became the father of the two Graham families. He was directly responsible for the Montrose branch whilst his eldest son created the Menteith section, mainly through acquiring lands in the Strathearn district by marriage.

Noble rank to Highland Chiefs follows a pyramid pattern towards the premier title. Like-wise with the Grahams.

1445 — the Graham Chief . . . Patrick . . . became a peer and assumed rank of order in being "Lord Graham". This occured during a formative period when Lords were being distinguished from Lairds.

1504 — a third Lord Graham received a promotory title to that of "Earl of Montrose" under the auspices of James VI.

1644 — James, the fifth Earl, achieved the honour of eminence to being given a name transfer to that of Marquis.

1707 — The 4th Marquis, another James was elevated to the Dukedom of Montrose — their present title.

Under the Graham banner many were the battle honours. A Graham tradition proudly asserts that the Roman Wall across Scotland was breached by a member of their clan.

Sir Patrick de Graham, keeper of Stirling Castle, fell carrying the King of Scots banner against the English at Dunbar in 1296.

A brilliant soldier is the laurel attached to the noted Marquis of Montrose whose campaign in Scotland for the Stuart cause was most masterly in military annals. His execution in 1650 became the subject of one of Aytoun's Laws of the Scottish Cavaliers.

Does the name John Graham of Claverhouse Viscount Dundee recall to the mind any past glory in the Scottish battlefield?

Perhaps not! for he was more affectionately called "Bonnie Dundee". But his timid name was a complete contrast to his valour. Beknown with an intense fierceness to do battle against the Covenanters, he was nicknamed "Bloody Clavers". He died amid his hour of triumph at the Battle of Killiecrankie in 1689. In such recognition to Bonnie Dundee, all Grahams are introduced officially with a piper playing "Killiecrankie".

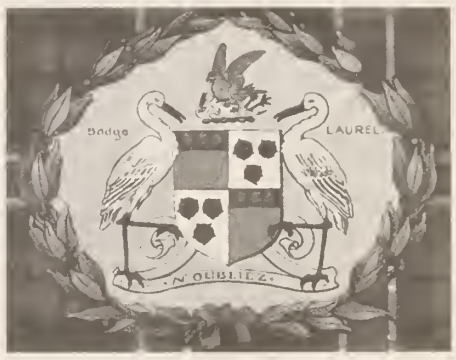
There is a further glory, though not pertaining to the battlefield. It is a Gainsborough painting, appropriately named, "The Beautiful Mrs. Graham" — one of Scotland's handsomest women in her day.

She was the wife of Thomas Graham of Balgowan — known later as Lord Lynedock the recruiter of "Graham's Grey Breeks". The "beautiful Mrs. Graham" died in France and as the coffin was being transported home to Scotland for burial, some French revolutionaries violated her coffin. To avenge this incident Lord Lynedock carried out his recruitment, afore mentioned, and a defeat of the French took place at Barrosa.

Grahams recognize "laurel" as the clan Plant Badge and the most likely place to see this plant would be at Auchmar where the present Marquis of Graham lives.

Old Graham lands in the Highlands were located by Loch Arklet and Loch Lomond. King James took seizure of Graham lands during his reign and in exchange gave them the Highland parish of Aberfoyle.

Most of the Graham lands were regained by 1680 which included the whole of the insolvent Buchanan Chief's estate (a previous exchange of lands had taken place). Principal seat of the Grahams was contained in Mugdoch Castle until the Graham Dukes of Montrose built Buchanan Castle . . . now a rugged, tired, ruin.



NE OUBLIE (do not forget) is the Clan Graham motto and lest one forgets, their Crest Badge is described as: — A falcon wings displayed, proper, beaked and armed, or, preying on a stork on its back argent, armed gules.

'Tis said of the whole gallant history of the Grahams — to that of what they believe to be right and true, a pride of Grahams is more dangerous than a pride of lions.

Each branch of Graham has its own tartan identity and no matter which road you have travelled, if you're a Graham then you inherit the pride of Scotland as being one of the most famous, loyal, and patriotic supporters of Scotland and the Royal House . . . Ne Oublie.

PORT OF MENTEITH, PERTHSHIRE

An attractive little village on the shores of Scotland's only 'lake'. Its main interest for visitors is the Priory of Inchmahome, set on an island in the lake. It was here that Mary, Queen of Scots, was sent as a child after the battle of Pinkie in 1547.

A Scot to Remember . . . John Buchan

"LORD TWEEDSMUIR"

". . . Each of us has to live his life on the terms on which it is given to him . . ."
— Lord Tweedsmuir.

And what were the terms given to John Buchan?

Historian, novelist, lawyer, civil servant, publisher director, politician and Governor-General of Canada (1935-40).

Obviously outstanding as a creative artist and as a man of affairs.

Stevensonian in style with his novels — he almost duplicated the R.L.S. theme of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. Not in the dual personality of man and beast but in two characterisms — as Governor-General and that of being John Buchan.

First mentioned demanded a regal disposition — controlled by protocol — loneliness — thought censorship — disciplined living to a date-book — trappings of officialdom — imprisoned relaxation to a room in Rideau Hall.

The John Buchan side gave democratic expression — freedom of the printed word — discovery of his self — literary work — intellectual nourishment — a hungry curiosity to life — and a complete immersement with ideas.

From a commoner to being a King's representative is no mean achievement. It necessitates intellectual education; cultural development to the highest degree; embroidered diplomacy to everyday conduct; wisdom to be respected, judgment to be listened to and to be accepted.

Yet everything John Buchan undertook became a success . . . probably because he worshipped success . . . but mainly because he was a very human human.

He was born in Perth on August 26, 1875, the eldest son of the Rev. John Buchan, brought up in Fife, the Scottish Borders, and Glasgow.

"I was born a Scotsman, and a bare one. Therefore I was born to fight my way in the world."

And fight he did to gain his place in the world. Whilst at Glasgow University he developed a taste for literature which addicted his mind with a tender succulence. By personal persuasion he contracted out his mind to a publisher to let him edit an edition of Bacon's essays. Hence, he started on a paying sideline that would enable him achieve the necessary higher education his desire hungered for.

"First and biggest fact in our history is that nothing comes without effort; that we value most which costs us most: that it hardens the fibre of a man and toughens his character; and it makes a man take risks . . ."

What a beautiful evaluation! It opens the door to the Buchan mind.

Environment of the Buchan home was highly intelligent constantly stimulated with good humour, even although their manse was located in the poor section of Glasgow . . . the Gorbals.

From Glasgow he was able to get a scholarship to Oxford and in the summer of 1899 he got a First in Greats at Brasenose but failed to get a Fellowship to All Souls.

His writings continued to supplement his scholarship at Oxford. Like Sir Walter Scott, he premised that no honest man writes a book except to make money.

One of his first poems was about the portrait of "MRS. GRAHAM" by Gainsborough. By co-incidence, one of his better biographies was "MONTROSE" — a member of the Graham clan.

Establishing himself in London, he was called to the Bar in 1901. Here, he continued writing for profit, though, he determined never to devote his full time to writing believing that this type of energy should be expended towards a real job.

And he gave himself to working for others. In 1901 he joined Lord Milner's staff in Africa where he devoted two years as Milner's private secretary. Later years would see John Buchan bring his African experiences to light in the novel "PRESTER JOHN" that furnished a real understanding of the black man's dilemma.

Upon his return to London he became a director of Nelsons, the publishers, for whom he wrote the best of his Stevensonian adventures.

On the 15th day of July, 1907 he married Susan Grosvenor — a lady, who, in her own right, had a gift of the pen.

He was ill when the 1914 war broke out and amid the solace of a bed and on his thirty-ninth birthday he began "THE THIRTY-NINE STEPS". When the film of "THE THIRTY-NINE STEPS" was given its first showing in New York it broke all records. It's director — Alfred Hitchcock.

During the First World War he represented "THE TIMES" as a "front" correspondent. His dispatches enlightened the people at home as to what it was like to live in a battle zone. When the conflict ended he was a Director of the Department of Information.

Life waved its busy hand. Novels were being printed regularly . . . he moved into a large house at Elsfield, near Oxford . . . he became Lord High Commissioner to the Assembly of the Church of Scotland . . . a member of parliament representing the Scottish Universities . . . then in 1935 he was raised to the peerage as Baron Tweedsmuir to become the 15th Governor-General of Canada.

On October 25th, 1935 he sailed on the Duchess of Richmond arriving in Quebec City on November 2nd, landing at Wolfe's Cove.

On being received by Mackenzie King he was introduced to the public as a Commoner but as time progressed the people's preference leaned towards the regal title of Lord Tweedsmuir.

"I could never resist the challenge of an adventure." — the challenge and the adventure were in what he could make of the job beyond the constitutional and ceremonial requirements. *"In a country where the tone of public life has been largely set by Scots, it was an advantage to be a Scot, a Presbyterian, and a son of the manse."* In addition he had experience of administration, of politics, of business, of journalism.

In his capacity as Canada's Governor-General he felt it his dire duty to discover its people and their domain. He made a practice of travelling and mixing freely with every class of people. His simplicity, his relaxed freedom from Royal frills, his humanity, friendliness and humour were soon realized and enjoyed by Canadians in every walk of life.

Mackenzie King became jealous of the admiration thwarted to Lord Tweedsmuir in preference to himself. In other words, he did not relish being number two to a non-native Canadian.

But Lord Tweedsmuir found himself being deeply attached to Canada and its people.

He always referred to Canada in his speeches as OUR and not YOUR Canada.

Of Quebec he was tenderly fond of its scenery . . . as if it had been miraculously laid in the Western Highlands of Scotland.

"Do not take your creed second-hand from anyone," he advised, "but shape it for yourselves."

In an address given at Fraserwood, North of Winnipeg — *"Our Canadian culture cannot be a copy of any old thing — it must be a new thing created by the contributors of all the elements that make up the nation."*

He used no notes and no one ever had to write his speeches for him, indicating sincere words and thoughts.

Writings that he completed whilst resident in Canada were: — "AUGUSTUS" . . . "LORD MINTO" . . . SICK HEART RIVER" (a novel about Canada) . . . "MEMORY HOLD THE DOOR" — his own biography.

Unable to go to his Mother's funeral in Peebles (Dec. 1937) — Canada was represented by Colonel Georges Vanier who would become Canada's first French-Canadian Governor-General and the second to die in office.

Lord Tweedsmuir was the first Governor-General to die whilst still serving his term of office.

He died in Montreal after surgery when he suffered a cerebral thrombosis at Government House. Date of his death is February 11th, 1940.

In the preface of John Buchan's autobiography— "MEMORY HOLD THE DOOR" he writes . . .

"As we age, the mystery of Time more and more dominates the mind."

"We live in the present, which no longer has the solidarity that we had in youth, less in the future, for the future every day narrows its span."

"The abiding things lie in the past and the mind busies itself with irrisitable construction." . . .

In his sixty-four years he compacted enough activity than most persons could achieve in double that allotted time. He left books to entertain, to educate. His final role had been the most rewarding and he spent himself in it.

What else did he leave? Oh yes! most definitely . . . **A Scot To Remember!**

AVIEMORE — SCOTLAND'S SKI CENTRE

Scots are taking to the hills again — not because of Highland Clearances but the attraction of skiing on the Cairngorm slopes.

Each year their numbers increase adding to the tourist boom that has emerged upon Aviemore in recent years.

Aviemore, a year-round sports region 31 miles S.E. of Inverness, has become Scotland's — and Europe's — newest ski resort. The village is nestled at the foot of the great crag of Craigellachie in the heart of the Cairngorm Mountains.

Facilities at Aviemore are on par with its European counterparts. A heated swimming pool, ice skating and curling rinks, and plastic practice ski slopes are available.

Skiers in the Cairngorms
Two skiers go up a mountainside the easy way by using a mechanical tow on the western slopes of the Cairngorms, one of the main centres for winter sports in Britain.

Chairlifts and ski-tows whisk the skiers to the top of the mountains, where choice runs are available to novice and expert skiers.

Hospitality receives a blending at Aviemore where the traditional Scottish hospitality and continental customs, affiliated with alpine regions, conjoin to make a winter sport entertaining, enjoyable and relaxing.

SCOTTISH INTERPRETATIONS

"WAG-AT-THE WA' " — a wall clock with exposed pendulum.
"BUBBLY-JOCK" — turkey.
SPEUG — a sparrow.
LEERIE — the man who used to light the old gas street lamps.
PIRN — a reel for holding thread.
TUMSHIE — a turnip.
CORBIE — a crow.
BAUCHIE — an old battered shoe.
GIRDLE — a round plate of metal for firing cakes on.
NAPPY — strong ale.
REEKIN' — smoking.
SHEERS — scissors.
SKELP — a slap.
CUTTY-STOOL — stool of repentance.
BYRE — a cow-house.
BING — a heap.

TAE MY BRITHERS & SISTERS

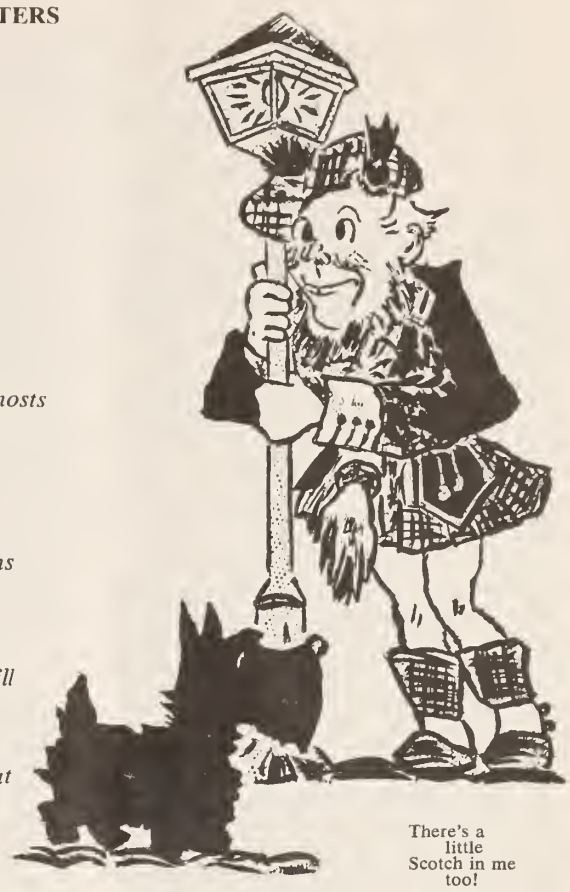
You've been tae Auchtermuchty,
Ecclefechan an' Mulnguy,
Tain the boat tae Tighnabruich,
Mullport or Isle-O-Skye.
The train tae Ballachulish,
Kirkintulloch, an' Dundee,
An' daunered roon the country,
Frae Dumfries, tae Ochiltree.

You've visited the castle, in
Auld Reekie on the Forth,
An' trod the purple heather on
The moorlands o' the North,
An' stood upon the Brig o' Ayr
Where Tam an' his grey mare,
Were chased across by Deil an' Ghosts
Wi' shanks and hurdies bare.

Ye ken that up in Aberdeen
A callans' ca'd a loon,
An' over in the East o' Fife
Kirkcaldys' the lang toon,
Ye say that Ruglen's wee roon lums
Reek rapidly ye ken,
An' ower-bye Carnoustie, the
"Red Lichties" are the men.

But maybe your nae Scotsman, still
You are Jake Tamsons' bairn,
An' welcome tae a goupenfu'
O' this world's halesome fairn.
Sae may ye ne'er fret nor want, but
'Mang the thrang an' but'le,
Find a freen' aye ready, wi'
A dram tae wet your whus'le.

All of which is just to say.
A GUID NEW YEAR tae you ma' cheil,
An' mony o' them.



There's a little Scotch in me too!

Fraternally Yours, Bro. G. Y. McLean, Kelowna, B.C.

THINGAMAJIGS ? ? ? ?

Have often wondered as to why the thistle is the national emblem of Scotland?

• Ouch! You would ask this prickly question? According to legend, a Scottish Army was given a warning of a night attack when a barefoot Dane stood on a Thistle. There is no authenticity to the satement that the phrase — "There's something rotten in Denmark" originated in Scotland.

Please settle this issue between a sassenach an myself. I say that the first German plane shot down over Britain in the last war occured in Scotland!

• Aye! Jock! yer richt oan target. Not only was the first plane shot down over Scotland but it was done by a Scottish pilot. The late Archie McKellar, D.S.O., D.F.C. and Bar, shot down a Heinkle plane in the attack on Forth Bridge — October 1939. No! this air ace wasn't a Fly Fifer, rather a Glasgow Keelie. Sae ye can tell that tae yer Saucie Nag.

What is the legend referred to of the Island Inchkeith located in the Firth of Forth?

• This legend may sound far fetched but give it a little thought and you might see the logic of it. "James IV isolated two infants along with a dumb nurse upon this island. Thesis behind this experiment was to see what language would evolve." A later claim asserted that the language they had taught themselves was Hebrew!

GOTCHA! Bet you don't know which Scot's name can be found at the beginning of the authorised version of the Bible?

• BETCHA! It's James the Sixth of Scotland or as given in the Bible . . . James, by the grace of God, King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, defender of the Faith. He, of course, authorised the translation of the Bible into the "English Tongue" with the great hopes that the "Church of England" would reap good fruit.

Where oh where in Scotland would you find Paddy's Milestone?

• Hud yer weesh or Ailsa Craig might take offence and blow its top. Often thought of as the sentinel rock of the Firth of Clyde it lies about 10 miles west of Girvan. Travellers to Prestwick sometimes get a pronounced view of this lonely isle where its only inhabitants are numerous birds and the lighthouse keepers. If you do a bit of winter curling, the stone may just be one made from Ailsa Craig granite.

My father called me a tattie bogle the other day and I've looked over many Scottish books to find what this expression means. Is it some kind of potato picker?

• Don't want to scare you lass but you are half-way right. Tattie Bogle is a name for a scarecrow. You must have been going out . . . to a "trick or treat" time.

Hoosewives Choice . . . "Under the Influence"

SPOTTED DICK AND WHISKY BUTTER

We've sort of borrowed this recipe from the Galloping Gourmet who sort of borrowed it from the "Prospect of Whitby" in London. True Scot that he is, the butter is his own creation but don't let on to your N'Year first footers, except, if they see spots after eating.

Ingredients for the Dick: —

1 lb. self raising flour
1 cup suet
½ cup castor sugar
4 oz. currants
2 oz. sultanansa (hiccup! sultanas)
2 eggs
Pinch (ouch!) salt
¼ cup milk
2 tblsp. butter
Castor sugar to dust
Whisky Butter (at last)
¼ cup whisky (2 fl. ozs.), is that 'a?
¼ cup butter
⅜ cup icing sugar
Peel of ½ orange
½ tsp. ground coriander

Prep talk: —

Sift flour with salt. Finely grate suet. Wash currants and sultanas. Measure the milk. Make the whisky butter. Place into the refrigerator. Lightly flour boiled pudding cloth. Fill to three-quarters with boiling water 1 large baking dish.

WHISKY BUTTER coming up!

Place finely chopped orange rind in a saucepan with the whisky — set alight. Mix the softened butter with the icing sugar in a bowl and flavour with coriander. Add the whisky and orange rind residue. Combine to form a smooth sauce. Refrigerate.

Method: —

Rub the suet into the flour with the finger tips until well blended. Add the sugar, currants and sultanas and then beat in the eggs. Moisten with the milk and beat to form a smooth batter. Place the mixture in the centre of the cloth and roll in the cloth to form a long sausage shape. Secure pudding ends with string and place into the boiling water (to cover and allow to boil covered for 1½ hours). Add more boiling water as it boils away.

Remove from water — cut string and peel off the pudding cloth. Cut spotted dick into 1″ slices and fry in the batter (not the whisky butter) for 30 seconds on either side. Lay on a serving dish and sprinkle with castor sugar.

Serve accompanied by whisky butter. N.B. this is a heavy dessert — ideal on cold days.

ATHOLL BROSE

The favourite of Highland first footers and for the New Year toasting as occuring in Highland Regiment glass lifting.

Mix an equal quantity of honey (preferably heather honey and fine oatmeal in a little cold water. Add the Scotch and stir until frothy. Bottle and keep for two days before serving. Two pints of whisky will be needed for a half-pound of honey and a half-pound of oatmeal.

BEER SPICE CAKE

Cast away all thoughts of calories with this cake. Och! its the Christmas season anyway so let's get in some seasoning. Now where's that bottle opener?

2 cups brown sugar
1 cup shortening
2 eggs
1 cup chopped nuts
2 cups chopped dates
1 tsp. cinnamon
½ tsp. allspice
½ tsp. ground cloves
3 cups sifted flour
2 tsp. baking soda
½ tsp. salt
12 oz. bottle beer and . . .
½ cup water (what for?)

Cream sugar and shortening. Stir in eggs, nuts, dates, and spices. Sift dry ingredients. Stir in beer and add cream mixture. Stir well until blended. Bake in a large tube pan (2½ quarts) which has been greased, at 350 degrees for 1¼ hours. Serve with whipped cream, then say to the auld man, "Noo isna that better than ga'en tae the beer parlour!"

WHISKY SAUCE

Here's a sauce that will bring out the sauciness to your sweet omelettes, souffles, and hot sponge puddings. Do you want to bet that your guests will ask for another round.

3 eggs
½ cup sugar
½ cup Scotch Whisky

You will have to do a little whip lashing here so get out a double boiler, place all ingredients in the top portion (where else!) and cook. While it is cooking whip briskly for 7 or 8 minutes, or until sauce is light and foamy. Don't forget to sing "A WEE DOCH AN DORUS" along with it.

MAW'S HELPER

NAE FLEAS ON ME! — Hoo cum? 'Cause ah use a sprig o' parsley in a jar o' watter an' pet it on ma kitchen sill. Ye dinna believe me! Weel, thats par-s-ley furr the coorse.

DRY-ROT! — When keepin' food het in the oven, cover wi' a plate rinsed in cauld watter. This stoaps gravie frae dryin' up.

DE-KIPPEN DE-KIPPER — Isna it an' awfu smell throughoot the hoose when its kipper-time? Yer helper's cam up wi' a cheap de-odorant furr sic an emergency. Jist place a slice o' stale breid on the kippers when fryin' . . . aye! the breid has tae be stale, not stole!

HEATHER SPRAY — Noo sum o' ye guid fowk micht be hivin a twig o' heather sent oot tae ye furr hogmanay an' ah wad imagine that ye desire tae preserve it until a' yer first footers extend their wishes. Tell ye whit tae dae hen — spray it wi' hair lacquer (no' liquor) an' the heather will keep its fresh appearance. Hoo romantic! Ye'll smell like heather then.

TASTIER RHUBARB — Deep freezin' has made available rhubarb all the year aroon. Sae when stewin' rhubarb, add a red jelly. Gi'es a lovely colour tae it an' tak's the acid taste frae the fruit.

GAELIC COFFEE

"A bird never flew on one wing" — likewise with your Christmas visitors don't hesitate to pour another cup of Gaelic Coffee without asking, "Will you have another?"

Into a 6- or 8-ounce stemmed glass pour one jigger of "Black & White" Scotch whisky. Fill glass to within half-inch of brim with coffee — hot, black and strong. Add sugar to taste and stir well. Float about 3 tbs. of lightly whipped cream on top. The coffee should not be stirred after cream is added: the charm of this drink (apart from warming the cockles of your heart) is the contrast of hot and cold as one drinks the hot whisky-laced coffee through the cold cream. Hence the reason why Black & White whisky should be used.

A BRAISEN BEEF 'N BEER STEW

"Also known as a stew all gone to ale."

Ingredients: —

6 12 ozs. round steaks ¾-1″ thick
4 onions med. cut in eighths
1½ ozs. all purpose flour
3 ozs. butter or olive oil
1½ ozs. tomato paste
1 clove garlic
1 bay leaf
1 clove
Salt and pepper to taste
1 tblsp. brown sugar (optional)
1 bottle ale

Saute steak in butter or oil on both sides until nice and brown. Sprinkle flour over, then place in oven at 350 for about 3 minutes. Add onions, ale, tomato paste, garlic, bay leaf, clove, salt and pepper, and brown sugar. Cover and allow to cook slowly for 1 to 1½ hours or until well done. (A little water or beer may be added if needed.)

Serve red hot with persilee potatoes. Should serve six braisen boarders.

SCOTCH COCKTAILS

Never be it said that the Scotch aren't good mixers . . . just get out the cocktail mixing jug and shimmy up something a wee bit different.

HIGHLAND SPECIAL
3 glasses of Scotch
2 glasses of French Vermouth
½ glass of orange juice
Add a little nutmeg after mixing.

ROB ROY
½ Italian Vermouth
½ Scotch
Dash of Angostura.

HIGHLAND COOLER
1 teaspoonful of powdered sugar
Juice of half a lemon
2 dashes of Angostura
1 glass of Scotch
1 lump of ice
Ginger ale

FLYING SCOTSMAN
2½ glasses Italian Vermouth
3 glasses Scotch
1 tablespoonful bitters
1 tablespoonful sugar syrup

"Just a Cup o' Cha-Chat"

with Jeannie

Baby False Teeth . . .
Edinburgh Dental Hospital makes 50 sets of false teeth each year especially for children to act in place of baby teeth. Theory behind this . . . when a child is two and has to eat only soft pulpy foods his gums would be too soft and his second teeth would soon decay.

You Don't Say! . . .
Women, by nature of their forthcomingness, talk more than men. Which includes personal conversation and about that "bisum" across the street.

Natural Peacemakers . . .
Children make friends easier than adults because of being more trusting. They also bear innocence without prejudice and suspicion.

Toe The Line . . .
Here's an expression used by wives on occasion. It apparently originated from the early days of prize-fighting wherein boxers were required to approach a line before the start of each round . . . Bam!

Hopefully Yours . . .
Us lassies being more sensitive to hurt feelings, cling on to the hope in optimism much longer than men.

Supper Markets . . .
Look to your stomach and you will see where the largest portion of the income dollar ends up.

The Thinker's Mark . . .
Don't know why it is but a wrinkled brow usually defines its wearer as a thinker.

Ten To Two . . .
Most of us watch the commercials . . . some absorb the face issue of its theme . . . others penetrate the ad meaning only to end up in wonder. One such wonderment is why the Timex ads also portray a watch at ten-to-two. Analysing, the hands indicate symmetrical design and also reminds one of a smiling face.

Scots Are Not So Scotch . . .
Scottish attitude towards money is always implied to that of saving. Yet bank stats reveal that increasement of Scottish savings hasn't advanced from one year ago. They must be converting their capital to some other interest.

Where Do The Flies Go In The Winter?
When winter scenes the ceiling flies generally die off. Before they pass away they leave their mark in the lieu of eggs which will hatch in the spring.

Health Conscience . . .
Women appear to be more health conscious than men. According to doctor visitation records eight times more women visit a doctor than do men. Its quite understandable, for the family depends on mum being in good health.

What To Wear? . . .
"To keep a good face value on life — wear a smile!"

Best Years Of A Woman's Life? . . .
Feminine opinion has many directions. Here are some viewpoints on what are the best years to a woman.

- Just before she's married.
- Thrill of having the first baby.
- Between 20 years and 30 years and unmarried.
- A newly married woman.
- At age 48 when I went back to work.
- Between 18 and 21 before settling down.

What were your best years? Why not Drap Us a Line?

The Thigh And Leg For . . .
Want to trim up the legs? Pummel your things when you're in the bathtub. Make circular movements with the fist, pushing away from the heart.

Carpet Judge . . .
Best trial is to look for the number of tufts to the inch . . . springiness of the pile . . . and weight.

Scottish Butcher Shop . . .
Over in Hamilton, Ontario, a Scottish butcher shop is doing a real cut-up business. Owned by Bill McVicar, who came to Canada 17 years ago from Scotland, this shop features many Scottish delicacies such as Mutton pies, Steak pies, black puddings, haggis, Forfar bridies, sausage rolls and fish flown in from Aberdeen. Toronto has also equal representation in Bairds of Weston.

Middle-Class Spread . . .
Upper class ladies choose their outfits for their comfort and suitability to their personal personality. Often, she will wear the same clothes for years. Middle-class women seem fascinated by high fashion and try to look chic. Women of the lower scale follow whatever trend is current.

Eye To Eye . . .
Look to the skin around the eyes for the first sign of old age creeping up on you.

Thanks For The Memory . . .
Its a proven fact that we women have better memories when it comes to remembering dates, events, anniversaries etc.

So Helpless! . . .
No other living thing is as helpless as a human being baby.

Is This A Rude Awakening? . . .
An authority on the rudiments of sleep stated that if an artificial awakener is necessary to get one up in the morning — it indicates a lack of sufficient sleep.

Eenie Weenie Cutsie-Coo! . . .
Now they say that if a parent did not talk enough to a baby, then that child would miss out on an education. Early failure in school, they say, is the direct result of parental neglect in not teaching new words whilst in infancy. Greatest learning age is between two and five years. So if you want your children to have a large vocabulary — talk to them as adults when they're babies . . . mama-dadacoo!

Re-Sign . . .
Sign often on display on Ladies Wear stores — "Maternity clothes for the modern miss." With the prevailing permissiveness it sure reads correct.

Jeannie's Maxim . . .
"A man who marries a butterfly shouldn't criticize the grub he gets."

Pondering Thought . . .
If you knew there was only a little time left to you . . . how would you spend it?

Dropin — Dropout . . .
For nigh on 5 years the teenagers have had their say and way with fashion while the mothers "dated" themselves through inability to wear mini dresses. With the downcome of the mini to the midi — the mini dropouts will be midi dropins.

Insurance For Marriage . . .
Married men should have insurance against themselves against the break-up of the marriage. Maintaining two homes obviously is a burden to give up one family and set up another. The sufferers consequently are the helpless abandoned family. Insurance of a compulsory nature on marriage might go a long way towards easing this problem.

Film Tears . . .
Don't you enjoy having a good "greet" at the movies. I do! A strange type of enjoyment to cry and be elated at the same time. All made possible because the human makeup can respond to different sensations at the same time.

On Dressing Slimmer . . .
Gals who cannot will to diet have one out left . . . dressing slimmer. Colour is important — always go for toned-down shade . . . accessories a shade darker than your clothes . . . small checks, anything up and down designs — avoid tweeds, brocades . . . crepe and soft material with a slight sheer for evening wear — never chiffon and frills . . . A-line skirts are best . . . hats should be small and close-fitting and same colour as outfit . . . polo neck shows up double chin — crew neck-line slenderizes . . . never over-jewel . . . a nice roomy bag will balance a fuller figure . . . court shoes or a plain sling-back heel are the best footwear.

Shortbread For Bairns . . .
When preparing shortbread for the festive season use peanut butter on a portion. This should appease the bairns.

Best Christmas Wear . . .
Of all the things you wear, the most important is your expression. And may I express to you all a well-dressed Christmas.

OOR NATIONAL BARD

By G. Y. McLean

Then pledge his memory far and near
Although the hand be dust
That aft hath swept the golden lyre
That ages cannot rust. (J. MILLER)

In just a week or two, after this issue of the Scotian is in the hands of the members, thoughts of Scots at hame and abroad will be turning to Alloway, and Ayr, to Kyle and the lad born there.

No poet ever influenced the lives of people as much as Robert Burns influenced Scotsmen, for it was Burns himself who interpreted Scotland to herself.

The proof of his greatness and his genius lie surely in the renewed vigour with which we welcome the 25th of January each year, and at traditional Suppers celebrate "HIS IMMORTAL MEMORY."

In his vibrant and passionate songs, in his longings, in his loftiest dreams, in the humanity of his poems, people recognise many of their own hopes and aspirations. To the wretched, there is no solace as the poetry of Burns, excepting perhaps the Bible. Like the hearing of soft tones, like the touches of tender hands, his large friendliness flows out in every direction. Burns was aye the champion of man, because he believed in man's destiny — always conscious of the deep murmur of "Eternity".

"Life is but a day at most
Sprung from night in darkness lost."

Burns is the Poet of Democracy in a sense that no other poet ever was, for he not only wrote of and for the people, but was read by the people. He hated Tyrants, Hypocrites, and Bigots, and he mocked them and harried them with bawdy laughter. To every other thing possessing life he brimmed over with an uncontainable tenderness. General Garfield once said, "Burns poured forth melodies so sweet, so perfect, that they echo and re-echo today in all languages, in all hearts, as the voice of Great Nature singing to her children". The late Hon. Ramsay MacDonald made this comment, "Burns' attitude was as a mother who touched with curiosity and happiness, because, He just Cuddled Doon and heard the beating of Nature's heart."

A man who wrote as Burns wrote, could never become a tradition, always he will be a warm living force. He is still revered today by men and women the world over. Friends of Burns the Poet — admire him for his genius and love; Burns, the man, for the candour, generosity and kindness of His nature.

One misses much of Burns' charm if he or she does not recognise his sympathy, and his faculty for seeing the good in the worst. Ever Burns was the Champion of the depressed.

"See yonder poor o'er laboured wight
So abject mean and vile
Who begs a brother of the earth
To give him leave to toil."

The poem "THE COTTAR'S SATURDAY NIGHT" has no rival in Scottish literature as a picture of Brotherhod at home. It is a picture of humble rural Scottish life of the best type; a picture of true, undefiled religion, happy in spite of hardship. The description of the family worshipping and thanking the merciful God who takes care of us all, is given with the tenderness and understanding sympathy of genius. A genius that had felt and seen the very source and spring of true greatness. By one immortal song Burns has forever sanctified the poor man's cot, and by a picture so tender and so true of that holy night, that it seems to pass by some sweet transition from the working day world into that hallowed day of God's appointment, and made to breathe a heavenly calm — a holy serenity.

Christ declared the charter of Human Rights. Many since have re-echoed His words, but who more efficiently than Burns in his "A mans a man for aw that". How widely and frequently the last verse is quoted. It speaks of what we all hope for— 'The Brotherhood of Man" founded on the Fatherhood of God. Today this noble dream, nay this prophecy, remains the hope of the world. Today more vital than before. Truly Burns lighted a Beacon, "The Inherent Rights of Man", a beacon that burneth forever.

"The golden age we'el then revive;
Each man will be a brother;
In harmony we all shall live
And share the Earth together."

On his 34th birthday Burns heard a thrush sing, and it made him realise the gladness of nature, the woods, the trees, the birds, the skies, the rivers. He saw Nature's God, and the common things became Nobler, Greater, Grander to his understanding heart.

The song which Burns made everyone's farewell is played in Delhi by an Indian Band, a Chinese professor of Literature translates Burns' song into his native tongue, and becomes a member of the Burns club. In Russia, Burns has become quite popular and according to a certain Russian professor, his love songs have such an appeal that they are quoted for practical purposes in letters exchanged between the young men and the young women of the Soviet Union.

All messages that come from the spiritual source of the UNIVERSE remain in Burns' matchless songs and poems, as a rich legacy to SCOTLAND, to the World.

Let us then glory in Burns' strength, be comforted in his weakness, no need to remember wherein he was imperfect. Our Bard lives on, lives on with a vitality which gathers strength from time, His Fame widens and deepens every year.

Come let's sing again, some well kent strain,
Tae soothe the hert that mourns,
And as we sing, tae mind we'el bring
The priceless worth of Burns.
Through the clouds of fortune's wrong
Burns has soared to fields of glory
But left his land her sweetest song
And Earth her saddest story.

Mr. G. Y. McLean is a P.C. of Lewis Camp #136, Kelowna, B.C.

Helen Richards Campbell

Dear Teacher . . . . . I Thank You

How quickly and often illogically our memory leaps from one totally unrelated event to another - especially when both have brought us joy.

I was standing on the shore of Loch Lomond - me - an obscure country girl who, sixty five years ago had dreamed dreams of this magical land. So blue was the sky; so blue was the clear cool water, the colour emphasized by surrounding luxuriant green hills.

No sound of plane, or car - or thought of wars - jarred this exquisite quiet. A feather loosed from the wing of a high-flying gull was slowly drifting downward; an inshore breeze gently swept it toward me. I caught it before it reached earth - this tiny bit of God's handiwork - its iridescence primitive and unmarred.

My mind coursed back to September 1910. I was 12 years old. Our new teacher in Literature and Composition at Sydenham High School was a Miss Hiscock - very neat, very young and very tiny. And she changed my whole world. Not actually altered my life - but she did exert a lasting influence.

My mother was a very sensitive person; she looked beneath the surface to find meaning, inspiration - and beauty. Living in a practical economic world, she took time to show me the drama of the Northern Lights; the softness of the pussy-willow; the dimples in my baby brother's hand - "where the angels had kissed him". In her homely way she instilled beauty into my innermost Being, but more important she taught me to look about and discover for myself. Using a broken shard of glass to magnify, I saw life in a mud-puddle; watched hundreds of tiny spiders emerge from an egg-sac; noted the instant recoil of the sensitive orange touch-me-not blossoms. In a drab world, my mother pointed out the vibrant colours of

the rainbow. "Make your own rainbows", she told me.

During Public School days (at the turn of the century) we were not encouraged to "see visions" or "dream dreams". Our teachers placed a bit in our mouth, blinders on our eyes, and cracked us over the knuckles with the omnipresent three foot ruler, if ever we dared to look beyond the iron-bound corral of practicality.

Then came Miss Hiscock. She freed my soul.

Standing on the platform (otherwise we would never have seen her - so tiny she was) she read, that long ago September afternoon, the first stanza of Longfellow's "The day is done".

"The day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight."

My soul was liberated, Miss Hiscock had unlocked that mundane gate of pragmatism. She gave me wings. From Pauling Johnson -

"And up on the hills against the sky
A fir tree rocking its lullaby"

she gave me music. Reading "As Red Men Die", Miss Hiscock imbued in me a sense of pride in my heritage "Captive! But never conquered....

.....

Up the long trail of fire he boasting goes.....

.....

He bends to death, but never to disgrace".

There in that brief pause on the shore of enchanting Loch Lomond, I felt a personal passionate echo of Sir Walter Scott's tribute -

"Land of my Sires! what mortal hand
Can ere untie the filial band
That knits me to thy rugged strand!"

I must have been a sore trial, because many times as I was glorying in this new-found free realm of thought, Miss Hiscock had put a bright red question mark beside some totally imaginative flight of fancy.

A warning - but not a muzzle. When I knew that my math mark was close to "failing", hope 'sprung eternal' that I might redeem myself in Literature and Composition. Faith worketh miracles - I did graduate!

Today in the quiet harbour of contentment after 'Life's endless toil and endeavour', I owe Miss Hiscock, now Mrs. Penwarden, a great debt.

Standing thus on the banks of Loch Lomond, this was the thought that possessed me -

Had I ever really thanked her?

Any teacher tries to deepen and expand a pupil's intellect but few provide a talisman for a student's entire life.

Dear Teacher and Friend - I thank you.

My gift to Miss Hiscock on the occasion of her 86th Birthday